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AUGUST 25, 1975

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4. "My dishes are so clean when I take them out of the dishwasher...and there is not all of the scraping and cleaning"



5. "I wish I'd had a Maytag Dishwasher from the first."



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to buy in the
first place.**

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The Jerry-Leonid Show

To the Editors:

Your marquee [Aug. 4] should have read "Presenting: Gerald Ford, Leonid Brezhnev and an All-Star Cast in The Sting."

William F. Lawrence
Monroe, La.

I notice that we do not see Brezhnev's right hand. Could he be holding a knife to Ford's back, or is he picking his pocket?

James A. Clark
Mendham, N.J.

I have always styled myself a Democrat, congratulating myself on my lib-

comrades with teeth capped, all in white metal (probably stainless steel). There will always be haves and have nots.

S. Charles Lee
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Shameful Blot

The statement that the U.S. Army is still testing hallucinogenic drugs and alcohol "but only with animals" [Aug. 4] reveals a callous attitude. Without animals, most of mankind would perish. Using them for experimental purposes is immoral, unethical and a shameful blot on the uncivilized world of today.

Madeline Orillo, President
World League for Protection of Animals
Sydney, Australia

The Haughty French

The French people are deluding themselves if they believe the drop in tourism is due to the "shrinking American dollar" [Aug. 4]. Rather, it is the haughty attitude of their own people.

What a shame that such a lovely place is inhabited and represented by such snobs!

Gail Connell
Athens, Ga.

Audubon and the Polluters

In reference to "Polluted Portfolios" [Aug. 11], it is true that since 1940 the National Audubon Society has leased land within its Rainey Wildlife Refuge in coastal Louisiana for natural-gas and oil production. We have insisted on meticulous performance by the oil companies, and we have had no spills. The experience has given us enormous advantage in pushing for protective regulations elsewhere. The oil industry or an oily Government cannot brush us off as impractical do-gooders. We know what we are talking about.

In addition, some of our endowment monies have from time to time gone into the stock of companies that pollute and the bonds of municipalities that pollute. Such investments in no way inhibit our support of the enforcement of laws and regulations to control pollution.

Elvis J. Stahr, President
National Audubon Society
New York City

Equine Exploitation

I was surprised that your story on Ruffian [July 21] contained none of the abuses of racing today.

Thoroughbreds are the most exploited athletes in the world. Owners do not consider the entire anatomy but breed

horses for massive chests. Trainers use drugs to keep their mounts on the track, and some may medicate to disguise a horse's unsoundness.

If the general public was disturbed by Ruffian's case, what would happen if they knew of the "cheap" horses? No effort is made to save them after they are injured.

Cynthia A. Miller
New Cumberland, Pa.

Doomsday Dynamite

When the end comes and access roads to Scott Meadows are dynamited, what happens to the members of the Doomsday Club [Aug. 4] who have been delayed en route? If they don't make it inside before the explosion are they refunded their "modest" \$12,500 membership fee?

Margaret Terrien
San Rafael, Calif.

Cricket and the CIA

You say that "the goals of the White House are to restore public confidence in the functions of the intelligence agency..." [Aug. 4]. Well, I find it difficult to locate anyone who lacks the slightest confidence in the working of the CIA. I'm afraid that the doubters are a small, but vociferous group of liberals in the press and Congress who have neglected to remember that this is a nation born of blood, and who think that the maintenance of freedom can be had by the rules of cricket.

Alex Aaron Reiner
Hollywood

I sure as hell hope that the Central Intelligence Agency is a "badly shaken organization." If its "potential to serve the nation" involves illegally opening U.S. mail, spying on college campuses, infiltrating unpopular political groups, aiding and abetting the break-in of a psychiatrist's office, preventing the publication of a book for security reasons, murdering foreign leaders, and having its director lie to the Congress and the American public, then may the CIA forever continue to operate "below its potential."

Robert S. Tully
Washington, D.C.

Months of extravagant, vitriolic criticism, much of it unfounded, have discredited and weakened the CIA at home and abroad. The shield that good intelligence provides for the nation's security in an age of international turmoil has been damaged. The CIA made serious mistakes in the past 28 years, some of them on presidential orders, but mistakes nonetheless. It is easy to prescribe preventive legislative or administrative



eral outlook. Lately though, it seems that I agree with President Ford more than I agree with my own Democratic Congress. Gerald Ford seems to be realistic, as his decision to sign the treaty in Helsinki shows. Far from being a betrayal of Eastern Europe, this document is an acknowledgment of Europe as it is today. Our denial of its existence is hardly going to make the Berlin Wall go away.

Katherine Rakowsky
Naperville, Ill.

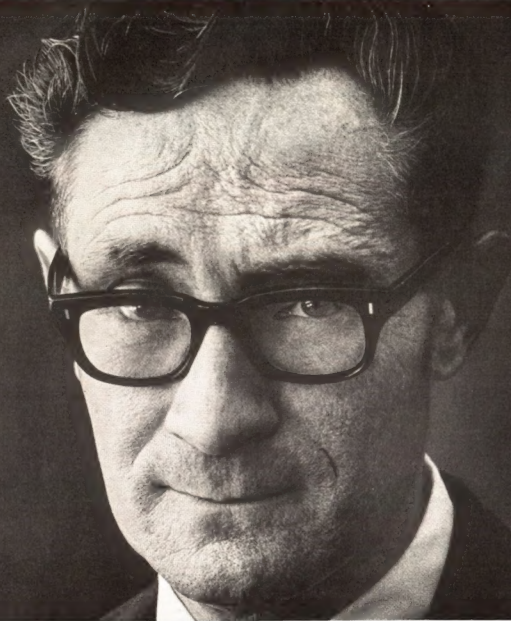
President Ford laid a wreath in memory of the Nazi concentration camp victims at Auschwitz and then proceeded to Helsinki to a friendly meeting with Mr. Brezhnev, the boss of a system responsible for maintaining numerous Soviet concentration camps.

Are Communist concentration camps better than Nazi camps?

Alexis B. Bogolubov
Cheshire, Conn.

On TIME's cover, Leonid Brezhnev proudly shows his gold teeth.

I have been in many cities in Russia and have noticed thousands of his



Arnold Hillukka sold people on sweating through the Yellow Pages.

Starting a sauna business is not what you'd call relaxing. Especially if no one knows what a sauna is to begin with. Mr. Hillukka didn't sweat though. He had a good story to tell. And the Yellow Pages to help him do it.

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So once people were sold



yellow pages

on a sauna's merits, he knew just where they'd go to find him. It's the same with any new business. There's nothing that reaches people like the Yellow Pages.

Just drop by Finnish Sauna Builders in Minneapolis. And check out Mr. Hillukka's new idea. Exercise equipment. With the Yellow Pages it should be no sweat.

FORUM

remedies for these. What is urgently needed now is national reaffirmation of the value of the CIA's achievements, the number of which over the years makes its errors pale in comparison. For example, the CIA's development of effective satellite reconnaissance has protected this nation while it seeks arms limitations agreements and saves billions that would otherwise be spent on unneeded weapons. It is time for Congress to quit pulling up all the vegetables in the intelligence garden to see if the roots are rotten.

*Ray S. Cline, Director of Studies
Georgetown University Center for
Strategic and International Studies
Washington, D.C.*

*Mr. Cline was CIA Deputy Director
for Intelligence (1962-66).*

The Incredible Press

Your criticism of CBS Newsman Daniel Schorr [July 28] for rushing to print without the facts was most welcome. If the national media were as critical of their own flaws, biases and hypocrisies as they are of the rest of society, they might just pull ahead of the garbage men in credibility.

*John Romjue
Hampton, Va.*

Good Sweat

In response to the article on exercise [July 28], certainly physiologists would agree that maintaining proper weight through sensible diet is beneficial and that 30 minutes of light exercise per week is better than no exercise at all. However, Dr. Morehouse's advice, "When you start sweating, you're working your body too hard," simply ignores the results of recent medical studies. Participation in long-term programs of vigorous physical activity has been shown to be correlated with a decrease in the probability of death due to cardiovascular causes.

*David L. Wiegman, Ph.D.
Department of Physiology, University of
Missouri School of Medicine
Columbia, Mo.*

Venomous Woman

It would take more than an economic revolution to save the world should any of the selfish, microphone-hogging women attending the Mexican conference [July 14] seize world power.

The only accomplishment was to help change the international image of woman from "sugar and spice and all things nice" to acid and lemon and oozing with venom.

*Deborah R. Berg
Andimeshk, Iran*

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BLACK YOUTHS RAMPAGING IN BOSTON'S ROXBURY GHETTO



FORD DRIVING TOWARD THE FIRST HOLE AT VAIL, COLO.

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE Aug. 25, 1975 Vol. 106, No. 8

TIME

THE NATION

THE MOOD

Of Roosters and Rumlblings

The state of Illinois has a new champion rooster. He is a large black and brown Araucana called Hawkeye, and he is owned by John Lynch, 12, of Mount Pulaski, Ill. After a lot of urging and grinning, John last week persuaded Hawkeye to crow 69 times within a half-hour, 26 times more than his nearest rival at the state fair in Springfield. In Georgia, meanwhile, they are still talking about the new tobacco-spitting champion, Mrs. Marie Davidek by name. "You wouldn't believe it," said Bob Anderson, manager of the 25th annual Georgia Mountain Fair. "Here was this nice little old lady from Flint, Mich., all dressed up like a grandmother from the garden-club set. She'd never chewed any tobacco in all her born days, and she winds up and wins by spitting 9/16 ft. Whoopee, it was really something!"

Off Duty. It was that time of year again—state-fair time, vacation time, take-it-easy and picnic time. Official Washington was practically closed down and, in the cool, clear air of the Colorado mountains, Gerald Ford golfed, swam, dined with old friends and danced cheek-to-cheek with his wife in a Vail nightclub. He was briefed daily on international developments, including Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's efforts to work out a peace accord between Israel and Egypt (see *THE WORLD*). He called together his top aides for a conference on oil prices, and met with White House Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld to affix the presidential signature to routine bills and appointments. But for the most part, Ford kept himself a chip shot away from the world's problems.

To ease the transition back to his official duties in Washington, he planned

a two-day side trip to the Middle West this week to visit his heartland supporters. In Des Moines, he was to attend the Iowa State Fair (setting for the book and two movies called *State Fair*), where farmers were celebrating impending record harvests of corn and wheat. After touring 4-H exhibits, cattle barns and hog pens, Ford was to outline his farm policy to fairgoers in the main grandstand. His speech was to be wedged in among the regular acts, including country musicians, hog callers and the Joie Chitwood Thrill Show.

On the surface, the President's holiday mood appeared to reflect the tranquillity of much of the country. A year ago, the nation was in a turmoil over the Watergate scandals and Richard Nixon's resignation as President. This August most Americans seemed determined to make the best of the season. In California alone, crowds at parks and campgrounds will hit 50 million this year, an increase of almost 20% over last year. Similarly, attendance at major-league baseball games already approaches the 1973 record of 30,108,926.

Political activity, by contrast, was desultory. In San Francisco, a demonstration against alleged police harassment of the White Panther Party drew fewer than 100 protesters, while some 5,000 people turned out to watch a city police team beat a Gay Liberation team at softball, 19-15. In New York, where officials are still struggling to avoid bankruptcy, the endurance act of the week was won by Michael Boodley, 17, of Trenton, N.J., who rode the famous Coney Island Cyclone roller coaster 1,000 bone-rattling times to break the old record by 228. And on a hill above a pasture near Macon, Ga., about 150

Ku Klux Klansmen, many of them mightily fortified by swigs of whisky, caused no alarm at all when they burned a huge cross for the first time in eight years.

But the nation's outward appearance of relative calm was to some extent deceiving. Beneath the surface, TIME correspondents in interviews across the country found considerable disquiet, particularly about unemployment and inflation. Said West Los Angeles Art Historian Aimee Price: "People are happy that nothing's happening, but they're also worried." In Los Angeles' Watts section, for example, last week's tenth anniversary of the 1965 riots was celebrated with the traditional music and soul food, but the festival committee is in debt this year, and just a mile down the road from the music, long lines of unemployed people wait to get their food stamps. Elsewhere, similar frustrations contributed to racial clashes. The most serious were in Boston, which has been racked for a year by disturbances over court-ordered busing to desegregate public schools. Last week some 800 blacks, trying to assert their right to use public beaches, fought twice as many whites with fists, rocks and bottles on Carson Beach in lower-middle-class, mostly white South Boston. There were also racial incidents on a lesser scale in a number of other cities, notably in Atlanta and Newark.

Turning Away. Outside the nation's ghettos, however, most Americans were intent on taking a respite from the problems of the U.S. and the world. Internal strife in Portugal, movement toward an agreement in the Middle East, the kidnapping and rescue of Sam Bronfman—such matters dominated the front pages. But the vast majority of Americans temporarily turned away as best they could to enjoy the few days remaining before Labor Day. America was on vacation.

CRIME

The Saga of an Abduction

For eight days the agony imposed on one of the nation's wealthiest families was intense. The Edgar M. Bronfmans of New York, whose Seagram liquor fortune and other assets exceed \$1 billion, feared that 21-year-old Samuel Bronfman II was buried in a box with a meager ten-day supply of air and water steadily running out. He had been kidnaped, and the kidnapers had demanded a ransom of \$4.6 million, the highest ever asked in the U.S. Frantically the family tried to comply, but hitches kept developing. The wait seemed interminable.

The tension finally ended abruptly—and joyfully—at week's end as FBI agents and New York City Police staged a pre-dawn raid on an apartment building in Brooklyn. The lanky young Bronfman, newly graduated from Williams College and about to set out on his first full-time job, was found. He was weary and hungry but well. Two of his abductors were arrested, one at the scene, and police sought others. The FBI recovered the ransom, which had been arbitrarily reduced to \$2.3 million by the conspirators. It had been delivered by Edgar Bronfman some 24 hours earlier in a nightmarish post-midnight rendezvous with a masked kidnaper.

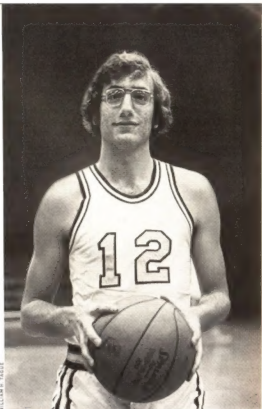
The crime jolted a family long accustomed to the luxurious living that wealth affords—a world of multiple estates, private aircraft and gracious entertaining in a circle of New York's theatrical, intellectual and political elite. Edgar Bronfman, 46, owns a \$750,000, 174-acre estate in Yorktown, some 35 miles north of New York City in Westchester County, and two fashionable Manhattan apartments, one on Park Avenue valued at \$1.5 million, the other a penthouse on Fifth Avenue. Chair-

man of Seagrams Company Ltd., he is a handsome, hard-driving businessman with an often mercurial temper. But in the kidnap crisis involving his son, he displayed remarkable patience and poise under severe stress.

The abducted youth did not seem to fit the mold of either his father or his fiery grandfather and namesake "Mr. Sam" (who shrewdly built the family fortune but sometimes hurled dishes when angry). Young Sam has seemed a bit brash and arrogant to outsiders, but friends at Williams found him "relaxed" about his wealth and "even-tempered." No jet-setter, he was interested primarily in sport. Strong and wiry (6 ft. 3 in., 185 lbs.), he had played tennis and basketball at Williams and possessed an encyclopedic mind for sport trivia. He had been looking forward to starting work as a trainee in the promotion department of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, where he could expect to meet sport celebrities.

No Answer. The harrowing ordeal for Sam—and the painful suspense for his family—began shortly after he and his father had enjoyed a quiet, late, candlelit dinner at the Yorktown home on Friday night, Aug. 8. Sam stepped into the kitchen to compliment the cook on the meal, then left about 11:30 p.m., driving away in his green 1973 BMW sedan. He told his father that he might visit some friends.

One such friend since childhood, Peter Kaufman, said that he waited at a Westchester County bar to meet Sam, as previously arranged, but Sam did not arrive. Kaufman called the house of Sam's mother in Purchase, N.Y., about 20 miles south of Yorktown, where Sam had been staying while preparing a Manhattan apartment for use when he started his new job



YOUNG BRONFMAN ON WILLIAMS TEAM (1973)
BROOKLYN BUILDING WHERE VICTIM WAS HELD



A HAPPY SAM BRONFMAN LEAVES FATHER'S FIFTH AVENUE APARTMENT WITH FBI AGENTS





AIR VIEW OF EDGAR BRONFMAN ESTATE

next month. There was no answer. Day by day, these events followed:

SATURDAY. At 1:45 a.m., José Luis, the butler at the Edgar Bronfman home in Yorktown, responded to a ringing telephone. It was Sam. "Call my father; I've been kidnaped," he told Luis. The receiver was clicked off at Sam's end in less than a minute. "He sounded very sad, very nervous," recalled Luis. "Sam is a very sweet boy." Edgar Bronfman notified the FBI and the local police. They soon found Sam's car parked in the garage at his mother's house, the key still in the ignition. His mother was away on a cruise. Servants in a separate building reported hearing nothing unusual.

Members of the family, learning the news, quickly gathered in Yorktown. Edgar Bronfman was firmly in charge. Flying back to be at his side was his former wife of some 20 years, Ann Loeb Bronfman, who had divorced him in 1973. Also present were three of their five children: Holly, 18, Matthew, 16, and Adam, 12. The fourth, Edgar Jr., 20, joined the family temporarily, then moved into his father's Fifth Avenue apartment to follow events from there. All through Saturday, there was no word from the kidnapers.

SUNDAY. A mailman handed a special delivery letter for Edgar Bronfman to Frank Vida, the doorman at Bronfman's Manhattan apartment on Park Avenue. It was a dime short in postage, which Vida paid and duly noted on the envelope. The letter was a curious two-page, single-spaced typewritten document from the kidnapers, and it contained these main provisions:

For Sam's release, Bronfman must pay \$4.6 million, and the money must be paid in cash, with no more than half of the bills in an "uncirculated" condition and at least 200,000 of them in \$10

denomination. The kidnapers would use the code name "Raven" in making contact with the family and would disguise their voices with speech-altering devices. To signal that the ransom was ready for delivery, the Bronfman family should place a personal ad, signed "Fred Dollard," in New York newspapers.

The letter also implied that Sam was buried alive or held in some sort of vault or cave, with only enough air and water to survive for ten days. Thus, if Bronfman did not respond quickly, the note warned, there might be a "tragic end for the victim." Said the letter, in an understatement: "Contemplate the position that puts you in."

The letter suggested a purely monetary motive for the kidnaping. It claimed that the abductors were "outcasts"—Viet Nam veterans once hooked on narcotics. They wanted the ransom to "give us a chance in life that we have been denied." A bizarre threat was added. If police sought to capture them before the ransom was paid, the kidnapers would use cyanide-dipped bullets to resist; if captured, they would commit suicide. Any ring member not captured would hunt Edgar Bronfman down and kill him.

The FBI experts found something startling in the letter: parts of it were taken almost verbatim from the ransom message delivered in the 1968 kidnaping of Barbara Jane Mackle in Georgia (see box page 13), who had indeed been buried in a box. But FBI agents theorized that Sam's abductors were stressing the Mackle resemblance to mislead police. The FBI doubted that Sam really was buried.

MONDAY. Edgar Bronfman left his estate by helicopter to assemble the huge amount of cash in Manhattan. A tape recording arrived by mail at his Park Av-

The Growth of a Family Empire

When Edgar Bronfman was a little boy, his father built a bicycle path behind the wall that surrounded the Bronfman estate in Montreal. That way Edgar could ride in complete safety from any danger of kidnapers. It was a few years after the Lindbergh kidnaping, and Sam Bronfman was a man who liked to anticipate trouble and take precautions. That was a trait he had inherited from his father, Yechiel, who had been a prosperous miller in Bessarabia in Eastern Europe. When Yechiel went to Montreal in 1889 in flight from Russian anti-Semitism, he booked passage not only for his wife and three children, but also for a young rabbi to guard his children's Jewish faith in the New World.

Yechiel went to Western Canada, started dealing in real estate and bought a hotel. Sam soon acquired a hotel of

his own, but the coming of Prohibition in Canada in 1916 forced him to close the bar. He also saw that the law permitted alcohol sales across provincial borders. So, although it is just a coincidence that *bronfen* is the Yiddish word for whisky, the young Bronfman brothers started a wholesale mail-order liquor business. For a time it flourished, but as the Canadian authorities gradually took over all retail liquor sales, the Bronfmans began looking south.

When Prohibition hit the U.S. in 1919, it looked as if the brothers Bronfman had no place left to turn and were out of business. Not for long. They quickly developed a brisk trade with U.S. bootleggers, and Sam snapped up a founding Canadian competitor called Joseph E. Seagram & Sons. Seagram's represented quality, and even in the days





SUSPECT MEL LYNCH

For one of the wealthiest families, a cheery ending to a series of personal misfortunes.



EDGAR BRONFMAN & FIANCEE GEORGINA WEBB IN ENGLAND LAST DECEMBER

enue apartment. It contained Sam's voice, assuring his father that he was well but pleading for prompt payment of the ransom. Sam said he wanted to come home.

At Yorktown, the family restlessly waited out developments in the large English Tudor house. They mostly sat and talked to one another, sometimes napping fitfully by day, sleeping little at night. Young Adam, described as especially fond of his brother, tried to entice others into Monopoly games to pass the anguished hours. A score of FBI agents arrived at the estate to advise the family and monitor events. Up to 50 reporters and photographers kept vigil at the gates. Helicopters came and went, each flight sending rumors through the ranks of the watching press.

TUESDAY. Specific instructions for the ransom delivery were conveyed in tele-

phone calls to the Yorktown house. Apparently realizing the impracticality of handling \$4.6 million in the denominations asked—the mass would weigh about 1,000 lbs.—the kidnapers cut their demand in half, now asking for \$2.3 million. The drop was set for Wednesday night. Bronfman was to put the money in a car and personally take it to John F. Kennedy International Airport, then wait at a specific public telephone booth.

The newspaper ads signaling cooperation with the kidnapers appeared in three New York newspapers. At least one had been placed by an FBI agent—a fact quickly discovered and reported by the city's highly competitive newspapers. It read:

JACK PLEASE COME HOME.

Your mother is very anxious, we will be happier in the future. FRED DOLLARD

WEDNESDAY. The kidnapers sent another taped message to the family. In it Sam expressed alarm over the newspaper accounts of ransom negotiations and urged that such reporting be cut off. He said that the revelations could endanger his life. (Justice Department and FBI officials in Washington shared this concern over press disclosures and talked of taking legal action against newspapers if Sam were harmed as a result.) The tape included music playing faintly in the background, reassuringly indicating that Sam was not buried. But FBI analysts learned that the tape might have been erased twice, then recorded a third time. The family feared that Sam might have been in bad condition or hysterical and had had to retape the message to suit his captors.

At the appointed hour, Edgar Bronfman, taking no chance of disappointing the kidnapers, loaded the originally re-

of bathtub gin, Sam always approved of quality. By the end of the '20s, more than 1 million gallons a year of Canadian whisky came illicitly into the U.S., and a sizable proportion of it came from Seagram's. Until his death in 1971, Sam insisted that there was never a direct funnel between himself and speakeasies in the U.S., and he once dismissed the question by observing, "I never went on the other side of the border to count the empty Seagram bottles."

Sam, having been taught by the rabbi from Bessarabia, gave lavishly to charity and urged his children to do the same. The family gave a \$1 million wing to the Israel Museum, and still donates at least another \$1 million annually to various worthy institutions. For the making of more money he also relied on his children, particularly his oldest son Scrappy and assertive, Edgar went south to Williams College in Massachusetts, but after three indifferent years he

transferred to Montreal's McGill University to get his B.A. degree.

Starting as manager of Canadian operations, he moved up in 1957 to become president of Seagram's U.S. subsidiary, which controlled 90% of the company's business. In the same year his younger brother Charles took over the parent Canadian company. A network of trusts assures the continued control by Sam's children, including Minda, 50, who is married to French Investment Banker Alain de Gunzburg, and Phyllis, 48, an architect. The empire's vast holdings now include interests in real estate, oil and natural gas. The children's mother, Sandye, continues to live in the family compound near Montreal and still consults with Edgar on all important business questions. For the business remains in many ways a family affair. Security once again is tight along the brick walls, but the bicycle path is gone.



PART OF THE BRONFMAN RANSOM MONEY AT NEW YORK CITY FBI HEADQUARTERS
Too many bulky bills to handle, so the demand was cut in half

quested \$4.6 million in the back of a station wagon. It was stuffed into black plastic garbage bags. He drove to a parking lot at Kennedy Airport, then, while FBI agents observed from a distance, walked to the specified phone booth. At 8:10 the phone rang. Using the Raven identification, the caller directed Bronfman to another phone booth, in the KLM Royal Dutch Airlines section of the terminal. He waited an hour with no further word. At 9:30 p.m., the kidnapers called the Yorktown house, telling the family to get Bronfman back to the first booth at J.F.K. They reached him and he did so. Although he waited until well past midnight, however, the phone failed to ring.

THURSDAY. A third tape recording reached the Bronfman family. This time Sam's voice was even more urgent. He again protested the newspaper leaks and asked his family to stop "fooling around"; the situation was too "serious." Deeply concerned about the failure of the night before, the family sent a spokesman to read a statement to reporters at the gates of the estate. It urged the abductors to provide new instructions that were "clear, specific and practical" and "to renew their contacts by calling us at the number they originally indicated." The family had complied with all instructions, the statement said, but "the abductors so far have failed to follow through." They asked for fresh proof that Sam was still alive.

Despite the plea, there was no response all day. Bronfman, restive under the strain, went back to the original J.F.K. phone booth, pacing back and forth outside it for hours. Finally, the phone rang. "Not tonight... tomorrow, tomorrow," said a voice. One of the

conspirators had apparently been scouting the terminal area and had seen Bronfman there. The arrangements were confirmed in another Raven call to Yorktown. The drop would be at 8 p.m. Friday night, same place. "No cops. No feds," warned the caller.

FRIDAY. Bronfman eagerly kept the appointment, this time driving to J.F.K. with just the \$2.3 million in the trunk of a different car. Raven was punctual, but he directed Bronfman from one phone booth to another through a wide section of Long Island for four hours—a fairly standard kidnap technique designed to detect the presence of tailing police and prevent the tracing of phone calls. Accustomed to being driven by chauffeurs, Bronfman had difficulty finding his way through strange neighborhoods and traffic. At one point in Queens, he made a wrong turn, nearly hit another car in circling to correct his mistake—and was pursued by two angry men in the other car. Rattled, Bronfman sped up, and both vehicles raced past a police car, which gave chase and stopped them. Only quick word radioed to local police by FBI agents trailing discreetly at a distance prevented a disastrous delay that could have aborted the ransom delivery.

Bronfman resumed his course as directed, finally stopping near a Burger King hamburger stand in Queens. He was told to leave his car doors ajar and stand beside the auto. He waited that way for two hours. No kidnaper appeared.

SATURDAY. "Where is he? Where is he?" asked an angry kidnaper in an early-morning call to the Yorktown house. "He's f—d up again." A family spokes-

man told the caller that Bronfman was where he was supposed to be, waiting at the Burger King. Soon a phone rang in a booth near the hamburger place. Bronfman was told to drive to a nearby location, park, and stay at the wheel. He did so.

At 2:50 a.m., a white man, wearing gloves and a stocking mask, jumped into Bronfman's car. He directed Bronfman to drive through an alley and circle the block twice while he checked for any tailing cars. Apparently satisfied that they were unobserved, the man ordered Bronfman to pull alongside a car parked at a curb. Bronfman did so, then opened the trunk of his car. The kidnaper quickly transferred the bundles of cash to the trunk of the other vehicle. Said the man: "Your son will be returned. Go home and keep quiet." Then he drove off.

Unknown to the kidnaper, FBI agents had observed the ransom exchange and got the license number (969KXJ) of the kidnaper's car. Incredibly, neither the car nor the plates seemed to have been stolen. The number checked out to a Mel Lynch, 37, a New York City fireman, who lived in a six-story apartment house in a middle-class area of Brooklyn. Agents quickly staked out the house.

SUNDAY. Shortly after midnight, another kidnaper became nervous. Identified later as Dominick Byrne, 53, an Irish-born operator of a Brooklyn limousine service, he saw FBI agents near the Lynch apartment building. Apparently assuming that the kidnap plot was crumbling, he decided to fend for himself. Byrne sent someone to deliver a note to a police precinct in Brooklyn. Police notified the FBI and went to Byrne's apartment. He told them where Sam was being kept. When police rushed there, they found the building already under surveillance by other FBI agents.

The agents kept watch on the house for hours, awaiting Sam's release. As the time dragged on, the fearful Bronfman family finally agreed that he should be rescued. Guns drawn, local police and 30 FBI agents rushed into the first-floor apartment at 4 a.m. They found Lynch, who offered no resistance, although a .45 automatic was near by. More important, Sam was in decent health, blindfolded and bound. He was undourished, but well. He had spent the entire time in the apartment, usually tied to a bed or chair.

The ransom was recovered from under a bed in an apartment rented by a friend of Byrne's. The tenant was in a hospital at the time and was not a suspect. Also found with the cash was another gun.

The two men being held, who for the time being were charged only with extortion, were cooperating with authorities. They told the unlikely story that two unidentified men had hired Byrne

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Pinto MPG mileage rating

	Highway	City
4-Speed	34	23
Automatic	30	21
EPA weighted average	32	22

That average is better than: Toyota Corona, Opel 1900, Mazda 808, Fiat 128, Volvo 242, Monza and many others. Based on competitors' averages in the EPA Buyer's Guide. Your mileage may vary with how you drive.

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Price comparisons based on sticker prices. Because destination and dealer prep vary, actual dealer prices may differ. Excludes taxes, title, license and optional equipment.

to drive them by limousine into Westchester County on the night of the abduction. Lynch, a friend of Byrne's, went along. The strangers then pulled guns, the arrested men said, and later forced them to pick up young Bronfman and another kidnaper, who apparently had seized Sam at his mother's house.

Authorities were checking out these claims by the charged men. There was no indication that they had any previous arrest records. Since Lynch was from Ireland and both men spoke with

brogues, investigators also were exploring the possibility of any connection with Irish Republican Army terrorists. Some I.R.A. literature was found in Lynch's apartment.

Celebration. The successful freeing of his son provided a cheery uplift for the grateful Edgar Bronfman, who has had a series of recent personal misfortunes. Divorced by Ann, apparently because of his often open involvement with young models and society girls, he had gone through a bitter and high-

ly publicized annulment fight with his second wife, Britain's Lady Carolyn Fownshend. Last week he was to have married another young Englishwoman, Georgiana Webb, 25, whose parents own a country restaurant (Ye Olde Nosebag) east of London. During the kidnap turmoil, the wedding, of course, was postponed—although a truckload of flowers arrived incongruously at Yorktown nevertheless. At week's end there was an entirely different reason for bright flowers. Seagram's V.O. and celebration

Kidnaping: A Worldwide Increase

Kidnaping, once among the rarest of crimes, has increased sharply within the past decade. In the U.S. in 1964, there was a total of 20 convictions for criminal kidnaping; last year there were 96.

The increase is not limited to the U.S. In Latin America, particularly Argentina, there have been scores of kidnappings by political extremists in the past year. Quite a few of them have netted million-dollar ransoms (one brought \$60 million), usually intended for the purchase of terrorist weapons. In Europe, political abductions have multiplied over the past few years in Germany, and kidnappings for money have been concentrated among the wealthier classes in Italy. There have already been 39 Italian cases this year, compared with 41 during all of 1974, and Milan Police Chief Mario Massagrande gloomily says, "I am afraid kidnaping is the crime of the future."

Just as the rise of kidnaping skips mysteriously from nation to nation, the crime has changed in style over the years. The most celebrated kidnaping of the century involved a 20-month-old child, the son of Charles Lindbergh, who was killed by Bruno Hauptmann in 1932. The same fate awaited Bobby Greenlease, 6, in a notable tragedy of the 1950s. The theory was that kidnapers took small children so that they would not be identified, then killed them in fear. But recent kidnappings have more often involved adolescents, and instead of being killed they have been subjected to some bizarre forms of mistreatment. In 1968 a man and a woman kidnaped Barbara Mackle, the 20-year-old daughter of a Florida land developer, and buried her in a box with a supply of air and water for 83 hours. She was found unharmed, and her kidnaper was arrested the day after he had collected \$500,000 in ransom. In 1973 the kidnapers of 16-year-old Eugene Paul Getty II, grandson of the oil billionaire, kept the boy in captivity through nearly six months of negotiations; the case proved to

have any number of sensational aspects. After cutting off the boy's right ear and mailing it to a newspaper in Rome to show his parents that they meant business, the kidnapers collected \$2,890,000 and then let him go. Three of the four abductors were captured.

Some adults have suffered harsh treatment at the hands of kidnapers as well, and undergone long, lonely bouts of uncertainty over what was to become of them. Jack Teich, a Brooklyn businessman, was chained in a closet for a week last year until his family paid \$750,000 for his release. The kidnapers are still being sought.

Recent years have also brought po-

litical kidnaping to the U.S. The most striking example is Patty Hearst, who was seized in February 1974 by the so-called Symbionese Liberation Army. The group's chief demand was that her wealthy father, Publisher Randolph Hearst, finance a \$2 million free-food program for the poor, which was carried out. Patty Hearst may be the first major kidnap victim to end by making common cause with her captors, and the FBI is still pursuing her. The Hearst case took another odd turn last week when FBI Informant Walter Scott, brother of Sports Radical Jack Scott, announced that he had lied when he told the FBI that he had seen Patty twice. Scott said that he had been drinking and was under pressure and now wanted to "set the record straight." Said he: "I don't have the slightest idea if she's in the world or not."

Kidnaping seems lucrative, but it generally attracts such high-powered police action and such widespread popular hostility that the odds against its succeeding are overwhelming. In more than 95% of the FBI's cases, the victims have been returned, the kidnapers arrested and most of the money retrieved.



YOUNG GETTY WITH EAR MISSING

PATTY HEARST SHORTLY BEFORE ABDUCTION



BARBARA MACKLE "BURIAL" SITE



LABOR

Every Lead Is a Promise

Almost three weeks after the disappearance of onetime Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa, the mystery appeared no closer to being solved. "We have no information on the whereabouts of Mr. Hoffa, whether he is living or dead," said Jay Bailey, assistant special agent in charge of the FBI office in Detroit. "We don't know if his disappearance was voluntary or otherwise. Every lead is a promise, and we're getting them by the hundreds. But there is nothing we can consider promising at this moment."

As each day passed, it grew ever more unlikely that Hoffa had been kidnapped for ransom or had vanished of his own accord. It seemed increasingly certain he was dead and would never be found—like countless Mafia victims before him. Hoffa had been warned by St. Louis Teamsters that he might be murdered if he continued to try to regain control of the union. But cocky as always, he had not taken any precautions to guard himself. In one last chat with a friend, he declared: "Everybody knows where I am. I never had bodyguards and I always drive myself. If anybody wants to get me, they know where I am."

Continued Vigil. Outwardly, law enforcement agents remained optimistic about solving the case. They hoped that the huge \$275,000 reward would persuade somebody involved in the plot to talk. The investigation will be intensified this week or next when subpoenas are issued for grand jury appearances. Reportedly among those to be questioned are a pair closely associated with the Mafia: Anthony Giacalone and Anthony Provenzano, who were supposed to meet with Hoffa at the Machus Red Fox Restaurant on the day he disappeared. U.S. Attorney Ralph Guy Jr. is hopeful that the threat of contempt citations will force the mobsters to divulge at least part of what they know.

While teamster officials met in Boston (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*) the vigil continued at the three-acre Hoffa compound north of Detroit. Burly Teamsters patrolled the grounds; an antenna on the roof signaled the presence of FBI agents within the two-story white frame house. Hoffa's wife Josephine occasionally walked the family's German shepherd. For the first time since her husband's disappearance, she left the compound briefly in the company of her son James. Young Hoffa continued to meet a dwindling band of reporters. He added an intriguing new ingredient to the case when he said he had discovered an eyewitness to his father's abduction. "We think we're going to find a successful solution to this crime," he said. But the FBI did not believe the story. Agents are reported to have given the supposed eyewitness two polygraph tests, both of which indicated that he was lying.

TRIALS

Joan Little's Story

In the dark-paneled courtroom in Raleigh, N.C., the 21-year-old black defendant testified in a voice that was so low that jurors often had to cup their ears to catch her words. She clutched a tissue but broke down in tears only once. Otherwise, Joan Little remained remarkably self-possessed through two days of painful testimony and cross-examination, sticking stoutly to her story that she had been defending herself from rape when she stabbed white Jailer Clarence Alligood to death with an ice pick in the Beaufort County Jail in Washington, N.C., on Aug. 27, 1974.

Her appearance on the witness stand



JOAN LITTLE AFTER HER ACQUITTAL
A verdict in just 85 minutes.

was the climactic moment in the five-week-old trial, which had become a *cause célèbre* among feminists and civil rights activists (*TIME*, July 28). Citing mostly circumstantial evidence, Prosecutor William Griffin contended that she lured the 62-year-old jailer into her cell with a promise of sex and then killed him in order to escape from the jail, where she had spent 81 days after being convicted of breaking and entering.

Weeping Jurors. Joan Little's version of what happened was far different and so affecting that two of the black women jurors wept. According to her story, Alligood came to her cell in search of sex three times between 10 p.m. on Aug. 26 and 3 a.m. on Aug. 27. Rebuffed the first time, he returned with a present of cigarettes and sandwiches. He left,

but soon came back. "By then," she testified, "I had changed into my nightgown. He was telling me I really looked nice in my gown, and he wanted to have sex with me." Alligood pulled off his trousers and shoes in the hall and entered her cell with a grin. "He said he had been nice to me, and it was time I was nice to him. I told him I didn't feel like I should be nice to him that way." Her voice becoming almost inaudible, she testified that Alligood fondled her, then removed her nightgown. "That's when I noticed he had the ice pick in his hand."

Her voice faltering, she told how Alligood had dragged her to the floor of the cell, held the ice pick to her face and forced her to engage in an act of oral sex. "I didn't know what he was going to do, whether he was going to kill me," she said. After three to five minutes, Alligood's grip on the ice pick loosened. "I reached for the ice pick, he reached for the ice pick. I got to it first. I hit him with it while he was sitting on the bunk. He came at me. . . . Each time he came, I struck at him. He grabbed me by the wrists, then he was behind me. I put my feet against the bunk to place my weight against him. I hit him over my right shoulder. He fell middle-way on the bunk forward, his head facing the wall, his knees on the floor."

Despite repeated, often shouted questions, Prosecutor Griffin failed to shake her story. Why had she never "screamed, hollered, slapped or run" from Alligood? "Mr. Griffin, if you had been a woman, you wouldn't have known what to do either. I was scared." Why hadn't she reported Alligood's earlier advances? "In Washington, N.C., coming up as a black woman, it's different saying what you did and having your word go up against a white person's." Griffin took her over the painful details again and again. "Did you go down on your knees in front of the bunk?" he asked. When she did not respond, he shouted the question three more times, until she said softly, "He forced me down."

After the prisoner's testimony, many spectators expected a quick verdict. Indeed, three minutes after the jury left the courtroom to deliberate, Judge Hamilton Hobgood was giving a folksy thank-you speech to lawyers and reporters when he was interrupted by a knock on the door. But instead of a verdict, it was a juror with a question: "Where's the sugar for the coffee?" No matter. It took the six white and six black jurors only 1 hr. and 25 min. to reach the obvious decision: not guilty.

INVESTIGATIONS

Rechecking the Bullets

"Was there a conspiracy? Was the CIA involved? Was there a person other than Sirhan involved? Those are the questions that need answering."

The man who raised those problems last week about the 1968 assassination of Robert F. Kennedy was not some paranoid conspiracy hunter but Kenneth Hahn, a member of the Los Angeles County board of supervisors. The occasion for his questions was the board's unanimous vote to have the county counsel join in a new assessment of the evidence in Kennedy's murder.

There were eight witnesses who saw Sirhan Bishara Sirhan shoot the New York Senator, and there was little dispute at the time over his sentence to life imprisonment. Since then, however, a number of ballistics experts have found discrepancies between a bullet that struck Kennedy in the neck and the bullet in the stomach. Another bullet fired in the attack wounded Paul Schrade, a former United Autoworkers official and Kennedy aide. Although he does not support any conspiracy theory, Schrade has tried for more than a year to get the case reopened to remove all doubts that Sirhan was the only gunman.

New Support. Last month Schrade gained the support of the prestigious American Academy of Forensic Sciences. After examining microscopic photographs taken five years ago by Ballistics Expert William Harper, three academy members reported that there appeared to be significant differences in the markings of two of the bullets fired that day. The academy urged that the case be reopened. In fact, District Attorney Joseph P. Busch had been considering ways to reopen the investigation, but Busch died on June 27. His successor, Acting District Attorney John Howard, had prosecuted Sirhan and had no doubt that he had acted alone. Nonetheless, the supervisors ignored Howard's opposition and urged that the evidence be restudied. Explained Chairman James Hayes: "This whole subject has been kicked around for several years now. If it could be openly reassessed in some proper form, it would be in the best interest of the public."

Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Robert Wenke last week agreed to a re-firing of the Sirhan gun by ballistics experts. He directed that lawyers decide by Sept. 11 which ballistics expert should handle the matter and what procedures should be followed. Sirhan's attorney, Godfrey Isaac, was delighted by Wenke's order ("I know that Sirhan's in his cell jumping up and down for joy"), but most experts who have followed the case do not expect the re-examination to change the original verdict. They believe that it will simply confirm Sirhan as the sole assassin.

WHITE HOUSE

On Being Normal

America's First Ladies have, with a few exceptions, made it their business to be ornamental and decorously vague in their public utterances. The quiet, rather private Betty Ford may seem an unlikely candidate to break that tradition, although she has in the past stated some very definite opinions. But last week, after a television interview, newspaper columnists, Baptist divines and Republican elders were earnestly debating Mrs. Ford's ideas about sex and morality.

Mrs. Ford talked with a level candor on CBS-TV's *60 Minutes*. A strong advocate of equal rights for women, she repeated her beliefs about abortion—the Supreme Court's decision legalizing it, she said, was "a great, great decision." When Correspondent Morley Safer asked her about marijuana, Mrs. Ford said that she assumed her four children had sampled it and that she probably would have tried it herself when she was young. "It's the type of thing that the young people have to experience, like your first beer or your first cigarette." As for her husband, the imperturbable Mrs. Ford observed that "he still enjoys a pretty girl, [but] he really doesn't have time for outside entertainment because I keep him busy."

It was only when Safer led her into a discussion of premarital sex that some viewers' moral blood pressure really rose. Asked what her attitude would be if her 18-year-old daughter Susan confided that she was having an affair, Betty Ford replied: "Well, I wouldn't be surprised. I think she's a perfectly normal human being like all young girls. If she wanted to continue, I would certainly counsel and advise her on the subject. And I'd want to know pretty much about the young man ... whether it was a worthwhile encounter ... She's pretty young to start affairs, [but] she's a big girl."

Too Honest. Mrs. Ford's forthrightness immediately stirred up a summer storm of old-fashioned indignation. Dr. W.A. Criswell, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Dallas, the largest Southern Baptist congregation, declared himself "aghast" and added: "I cannot think that the First Lady of this land would descend to such a gutter type of mentality." Mormon Elder Gordon B. Hinckley called a press conference to support "chastity before marriage and fidelity after marriage." New York's Governor Hugh Carey, a Roman Catholic with

twelve children, unctuously observed: "I guess I believe, in the words that Frankie [Sinatra] sings, 'Love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage.'"

Jesuit Priest Donald Campion, editor in chief of *America* magazine, put the emphasis on the publicity involved. "If she did err it was in the area of taste, not morality." But many of those who support Mrs. Ford's views also backed her televised advocacy of them. AT LAST, A REAL FIRST LADY! exclaimed one telegram to the White House, where mail was running about evenly for and against Mrs. Ford's opinions. Added *Washington Post* Television Columnist Sander Vanocur: "Betty Ford should be banned from television. She is too honest. Mrs. Ford wears her defect like diamonds. And they dazzle."

CONTRAST—BANDAGES' WU



Mrs. Ford herself took the whole controversy with equanimity as she vacationed in Vail, Colo. Her only regret seemed to be the fact that too many people thought she was advocating premarital sex, rather than simply expressing a realistic, motherly attitude toward the possibility of it. "Our family," she added, "was brought up on the fact that marriage is the greatest thing in the world." As for the person most directly involved in the uproar, Susan Ford said that her mother "did a good job, talked about things people should talk about." She was more reticent about her current boyfriend, Brian McCarty, a ski patrolman from Northbrook, Ill. When asked if she had anything to tell her mother, she replied: "Not yet. I'll leave it at that."



ARIZONA CONGRESSMAN MORRIS UDALL ADDRESSING FELLOW DEMOCRATS IN SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

CANDIDATES '76

Where's Franklin Fitzgerald Jones?

The 1976 presidential campaign has started earlier than ever before because candidates now need more time to round up money. The controversial new campaign finance law, which was upheld by the U.S. court of appeals last week, requires a candidate to raise a minimum of \$5,000 in at least 20 states to qualify for matching federal money. So far, seven candidates have formally entered the Democratic race, and more are sure to follow. To report on where they stand, TIME here begins a series on the contenders

Anyone who can be compared to both Abraham Lincoln and Will Rogers may be considered a serious candidate for the 1976 Democratic presidential nomination. Congressman Morris ("Mo") Udall, 53, a lanky, breezy Westerner, is not reluctant to press the comparisons. As a relatively obscure Representative from Arizona, he knows that his chief asset is going to be the impres-

sion he makes. With considerable candor, a skill at raillery and a gift for not taking himself too seriously, he makes friends fast—if not ardent converts to his presidential quest.

Udall's main target is the moderate-to-left end of the party spectrum. He offers progressive-sounding programs without going into too much entangling detail like George McGovern's ill-fated plan to give every American \$1,000. Udall intends to avoid the McGovern mistake of alienating centrists and conservatives. He disarms those who disagree with him by resorting to an easy Western humor, so much so that sympathizers cautioned him to appear a bit more serious in public if he wants to convey a presidential image.

In seven terms, Udall has become one of the most respected members of Congress. The Congressman has taken a clearly defined position on a variety of issues and has had a hand in writing key legislation. Highlights

ENERGY. Opposed to the President's program of removing controls from the price of oil and gas. Udall prefers to cut consumption by putting higher taxes on energy use. He advocates a "crash national effort" to develop new energy sources. He recommends that the Congress take action to break up the big oil companies' monopolistic control.

THE ENVIRONMENT. He has been the principal author of a host of bills to protect and restore the air, earth and water. Last year his land-use planning bill, which would have authorized federal grants to states that draw up programs for

orderly land development, was defeated by only seven votes. He had another setback this year when his bill to regulate strip mining was passed by both houses and then vetoed by the President. On the other hand, he played a key role in blocking future development of the superocean transport (SST).

THE ECONOMY. Something of a visionary, Udall speaks of "restructuring the economy" in favor of service industries that use less energy and raw materials and employ more people. For example, \$5 billion in federal highway funds might be transferred to a national health care program. He urges similar shifts of funds to housing construction, mass transit, education and environmental control. But he is vague about how these programs will continue to be paid for in an economy that grows more slowly, if at all.

POLITICAL ETHICS AND REFORM. Udall was a chief author of the 1974 campaign-finance law that puts limits on contributions and spending and provides for public financing of presidential elections. For years he has urged stiffer regulations for financial disclosure in the House and a ban against outside law practice by members.

FOREIGN POLICY AND DEFENSE. Udall split with Lyndon Johnson on Viet Nam as early as 1967, but foreign policy is not his strong point. Favoring détente in principle, Udall argues, along with Scoop Jackson, that the policy must be a "two-way street." He is hawkish on the side of Israel, which he visited last week. He urged Israel to sign the interim agreement with Egypt "even if signing it is as risky as rejecting it." He has strongly opposed the proposed sale of antiaircraft missiles to Jordan. In place of what he calls "complex, exotic often unreliable new hardware," he would prefer a "lean, tough, defensive force."

Udall is counting on friends in the House. His candidacy, in fact, is an assertion of institutional pride. Tired of being cast in the shadow of the more publicized and glamorous Senate, 45 lib-

UDALL WITH WIFE ELLA IN WASHINGTON



eral Representatives signed a petition backing him. "The House is one of the great unused political resources in the country," says Udall. "It is the closest thing we've got to a network touching every kind of district in America."

Udall believes that his Southwest upbringing will be a campaign asset. Mo's grandfather David King was a Mormon pioneer who moved from Utah to Arizona in 1880. Mo's father Levi became chief justice of the Arizona Supreme Court and created a political base for his family that now rivals the power of the Goldwater clan.

Matching Funds. Mo was severely handicapped in a childhood accident that cost him his left eye. But it did not seem to daunt him. He became a top scholar and captain of the basketball team at the University of Arizona. To put himself through the university law school, he played pro basketball for two years ("He has a basketball player's elbows," says a Congressman, referring to Mo's aggressive political tactics). Udall practiced law in Tucson until his older brother Stewart gave up his congressional seat to become President Kennedy's Secretary of the Interior. Then, in a 1961 special election, Mo replaced Stewart.

Morris remains a Mormon but not an actively practicing one. Unlike his ancestors, he has married his wives consecutively. He was divorced from his first wife, Patricia Emery, in 1965 after the couple had five children. Three years later, he married a member of his Capitol Hill staff, Ella Royston, whom he aptly nicknamed "Tiger." When he upsets her, Tiger is sure to pounce.

Udall is one of five Democrats who have qualified for federal matching funds by raising \$5,000 in at least 20 states (the others: Henry Jackson, Lloyd Bentsen, George Wallace, Jimmy Carter). But he still ranks low in the polls, listed among "others." In a year's active pursuit of the nomination, he has not developed the emotional following of a McGovern or a John Kennedy. One reason may be his uncrusading image: to many liberals he does not appear to be forceful enough. Says Udall with a touch of bitterness: "They're waiting for someone named Franklin Delano John Fitzgerald Jones." But even if a dream candidate does not emerge, other liberals with larger followings may enter the race: Hubert Humphrey, for example, or Edmund Muskie.

Udall is gambling everything on the primaries. His optimistic scenario envisions his emergence as the candidate of the center-left, who will encounter the candidate of the center-right, possibly Jackson, in an epic battle in one of the last primaries. If Udall is defeated, he might be open to a bid for the vice presidency. Failing that, he has the option of running for Congress again or making a race for the Senate against Arizona's Republican incumbent Paul Fannin or, at worst, just running for Congress again.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

The Days of the Dog Star

Jerry Ford's hold on the future is still tenuous. Despite a successful transition year. Despite some encouraging economic signs. Despite the successful *Mayaguez* affair. Despite the Helsinki summit meeting.

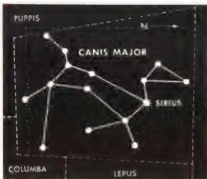
All last week George Gallup in Princeton compiled the new data from his hot, dusty pollsters around the nation, and then at week's end sent his findings out through his network. Ford had fallen a notable seven points in the esteem of the people, from 52% to 45%. Over in Manhattan, Louis Harris was totting up his findings from some 1,500 personal interviews. The general drift was pretty much the same—down.

The news came as Ford took time out to clout a few balls on the fairways of Vail, Colo., but his men were busy in the hinterlands on his behalf. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, on the verge of a new round of Middle East talks, joined with Attorney General Edward Levi in bringing to the American Bar Association's convention in Montreal Ford's messages of diplomatic and investigative restraint. Then Kissinger flew off to the bourbon belt and in Birmingham outlined American interest against the Communists in Portugal. In Bloomington, Ind., meanwhile, Secretary of the Treasury William Simon was smiting big Government hip and thigh, while Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz went before Maine's poultry federation to extol the country's productive might and the virtues of Yankee enterprise in international markets.

But there was the vague feeling back in Washington, even in the White House, that none of this would cure the new malaise very much. At the Vail branch of the White House, Ron Nessen, the President's press secretary, attributed the problem to dog days, and indeed, Sirius the Dog Star, which governs this temperamental season in mythology, seemed to have an unusual hold on the affairs of state.

Those people out there who were asked the pollsters' questions seemed to respond as if a line had been drawn through Aug. 9, the end of Ford's first year as President. The great sympathy that was extended to him in a trying time of transition has apparently run thin. The Administration is Ford's responsibility now and, while Americans like him better than ever as a man, there are growing doubts about his ability to lead.

A TROUBLESOME LIGHT IN AUGUST SKIES



These doubts center on the economy. Over and over, the worries surfaced about jobs, inflation, pensions and investment; about being able to meet the fall tuition bills and finding homes that can be afforded. Neither Gallup nor Harris found that the President's recent European journey helped him a bit in their measurements, and that cast doubt on whether the expected agreement in the Middle East would dispel the political and economic shadows. There is almost nothing, except a grave national military peril, that takes such a toll of Presidents as economics.

The latest samplings show that approval of Ford's military response to the *Mayaguez* hijacking has worn off like a weak injection, and has even produced second thoughts about its wisdom. The visit of Alexander Solzhenitsyn and his passionate warnings against cooperating with the Soviets have hurt the President some on the other flank. "Where are we going?" the people asked. Too many vetoes, said some. No focus for the future. A few were uneasy over Ford's old-fashioned talk—too naive, too much like a Boy Scout. His friendship with business and the military establishment has brought up old doubts among traditional liberals who had remained silent for months in their relief at being rid of Nixon. For many Americans, the fact that they did not have to cast a ballot, and thus make a commitment to Ford, has given them license to be fickle.

There is no panic at the White House or among the mountain vistas in Vail. Administration officials see their man getting stronger personally, staying steady, riding out these peaks and valleys. Yet here and there in the Ford retinue there is concern that the old Nixon problem of underestimating the intelligence and awareness of the people is creeping back into the White House. There are many thoughtful observers who feel the nation wants and expects more change in society than the President can conceive—even in his most imaginative moments.



ISRAELI PREMIER YITZHAK RABIN TAKING A THOUGHTFUL LOOK AT THE MITLA PASS IN THE SINAI DESERT LAST FEBRUARY

THE WORLD

MIDDLE EAST/COVER STORY

The Eleventh Shuttle: Is Peace at Hand?

The prospects for a settlement in the Middle East rise and fall as erratically as the Dow Jones averages. Last week the peace market suddenly turned bullish. Failure to agree on a Sinai pact would simply be "unthinkable," said an Egyptian official. "Let's get it over with," Israeli Chief of Staff Lieut. General Mordechai Gur added gruffly.

When Henry Kissinger's last effort at shuttle diplomacy broke down last March, hopes for peace plummeted, and many diplomatic analysts predicted a new war by 1976. But so swiftly have negotiations progressed in the past month that by last week all sides were forecasting a new interim settlement between Egypt and Israel by Sept. 1.

Israeli Hawk. In Washington, euphoric officials were defining pessimists as those who thought the chances of getting the long-sought agreement were only 98%; the optimists were 99.9% certain. In Jerusalem, which feels that it is being pressured into giving up more than it wants, officials were less sanguine; but they nonetheless put chances of success at perhaps 80%. "Henry has done it," sighed one Israeli hawk. "He's got us to give up everything we refused to give up in March and more. The deal is as good as signed, sealed and delivered. Only one or two sticking points remain."

Secretary of State Kissinger had vowed that he would resume his shuttle

only if a Sinai accord was 90% certain. Now his eleventh such effort at personal mediation is imminent. He is expected to leave Washington this week and to stay in the Middle East no longer than ten days. His schedule was cleared for all of this week, and the State Department has reportedly reserved the Secretary's usual sixth-floor two-room suite in Jerusalem's King David Hotel.

Kissinger himself was a study in cool. In two speeches last week, he scrupulously avoided talking about the Middle East, dwelling instead on such subjects as Portugal, American unity and international law.

Back in Washington, however, his top aides for the Middle East—Joseph Sisco, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, and Alfred Atherton, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern Affairs—talked about little else. They spent nearly every waking hour conferring with two teams of Israeli officials, determining just what the U.S. would give in money, arms and political guarantees in exchange for Israeli concessions to Egypt. One team talked about money. Discussing political angles down the hall was another team that included Israeli Ambassador to Washington Simcha Dinitz and Mordechai Gazit, the top civil servant in Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin's office. An unflappable, subtle and cautious man with a pro-

nounced aversion to ambiguity, Gazit has been called by Henry Kissinger, not altogether kindly, "Mr. Dot-the-Ts-and-Cross-the-Ts." Having left some minor loopholes in their last agreement with the Egyptians, the Israelis are determined not to overlook a thing this time around—hence Gazit's presence. "We just want to be sure of the wording this time," says one Israeli military man. "It doesn't mean we have an agreement but if we do get one, God forbid, we want the words to be right."

Fear of Flying. The Israeli money-men seem to have won their point, and the Ford Administration was preparing to offer a great deal (see box page 24). "To state it crudely," TIME's Jerusalem bureau chief Donald Neff cabled, "it appears that since the U.S. cannot negotiate peace in the Middle East, it will buy it."

American discussions with the Egyptians were equally crucial, if less intense, and President Anwar Sadat was satisfied that his country had got what it wanted. "Last March, Israel blocked Kissinger's attempt to mediate a Sinai settlement in order to force the Secretary into resigning," he said. "The Israelis thought a new Secretary of State would take office and require six months to study the file of the case. And by the time the six months were up, we would be in the American presidential elec-

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Alpine Air Charter's Flight for Life jet ambulance can get her to help in time. Because of an exclusive anti-icing fuel additive that prevents fuel lines from freezing - PFA55MBE.

that the FAA requires today's lighter weight jets to use it - eliminating bulk fuel system heaters that add weight and make longer runways necessary.

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Twelve years ago, I told you I wanted
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A diamond is forever

tion year and nothing would happen."

High marks must go to U.S. Ambassador to Cairo Hermann Eilts. A slight, crew-cut, Arabic-speaking diplomat, Eilts has developed a close working relationship with Egypt's President Sadat and his Foreign Minister, Ismail Fahmy. Though he has a profound dislike of airplanes—he once drove two days from Aswan to Cairo just to avoid the one-hour flight—Eilts nonetheless made seven intercontinental trips between April 2 and last week, carrying messages between Sadat and Kissinger.

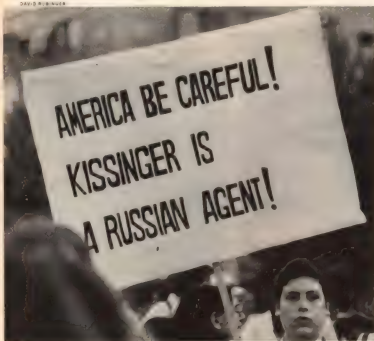
Though some problems remain that could turn success into failure, the outline of the Sinai settlement is already clear. The prospects are that the agreement will follow these lines:

► Israel would give up the Mitla Pass and almost all of the Giddi Pass, re-

Umm Khisheib early warning installation above Giddi Pass and at six or seven other sites within the two passes or just to the west of them. They would probably be joined by Israeli technicians on the east side and Egyptian technicians on the west side; all would man electronic reconnaissance and surveillance gear. The Ford Administration, which would prefer that U.N. forces take on the potentially dangerous task, is decidedly cool to the notion of such American involvement. But Israel has insisted and may well get its way. "An attack through U.N. lines does not carry the symbolic gravity that an attack through American stations would," observes an Israeli official. "With Americans between the two armies, each side would hesitate to attack, and the American presence would express America's be-

dubious proposal. "Let the Israelis do any intelligence gathering that may be necessary," said Senator Henry Jackson, one of Israel's staunchest friends. "I don't want Americans there." But should Congress reject the provision, warns one Israeli official, "no presence, no pact."

► Israel would give up the Abu Rudeis oilfields on the Gulf of Suez. The fields now pump 36.5 million bbl. of oil a year, roughly 50% of Israel's total domestic needs. Without the crude, Jerusalem would be even more dependent than it is now on its chief foreign supplier, Iran, which has been growing increasingly critical of Israeli policy in recent months. The cost in foreign exchange would be \$350 million per year, a critical sum for a country that is already running a deficit of \$3 billion.



DEMONSTRATORS AT U.S. EMBASSY IN TEL AVIV PROTEST RUMORED ISRAELI CONCESSIONS; KISSINGER AFTER MARCH SHUTTLE "Henry has done it. He's got us to give up everything we refused to give up... and more."



tain only some foothills at its eastern terminus (see map following page). The passes are the keys to the Sinai. North of them is soft sand; south of them are towering granite mountains. Any army that wants to move across the peninsula is almost compelled to go through the two passes, and Israel's General Staff has hitherto considered them indispensable to the country's security. Since the October war in 1973, Jerusalem has spent \$60 million fortifying nature's own impressive defenses, honeycombing the black granite with miniforts and electronic gear that can detect MIG planes preparing to take off from Egyptian fields on the other side of the Suez Canal.

► American technicians, presumably anywhere from twelve to 100 civilians, would probably be stationed at the

lief that war will not serve either side." Another Israeli says: "The main Sinai roads toward Israel will be in American hands. We can trust those hands."

However Jerusalem explains the proposal, the net effect of the extraordinary arrangement would be to place American hostages in the Sinai, assuring U.S. involvement in case of an attack by either side. Kissinger last week pointed out that even if the Administration gave in, as now seems likely, it would still have to seek approval in Congress, which might say no. Indeed, the proposal immediately revived memories of the Viet Nam involvement, which started with just a handful of U.S. observers, some of them civilians. Congress has always been exceedingly partial to the Israelis, but it might be wary of this

The Israelis would retain use of a road through the Abu Rudeis to supply their troops stationed at Sharm el Sheikh, the strategic point controlling access to the Gulf of Aqaba. One Egyptian suggestion to avoid clashes between the forces had been to give the Israelis 24 hours' use of the road and the Egyptians the following 24 hours. The Israelis, however, want the Egyptians to build a new access road.

► The U.N. buffer zone separating the two sides now averages only six miles and narrows to as little as two miles. It would be considerably widened to an average width of 30 miles. This would greatly reduce the threat of accidental clashes between the two armies. Israel would pull back approximately 25 to 30 miles from its present "Blue Line," and

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Israeli guns would be 25 to 45 miles from the Suez Canal, out of range of Egypt's vital waterway and the new settlements President Sadat plans to establish on its banks. The lines would be drawn, however, so that Israel would retain the big Bir Gifgafa airfield.

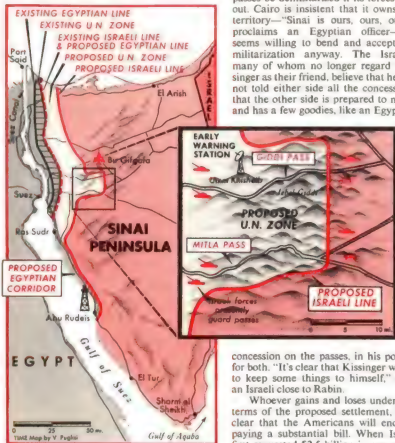
► Egypt, under an unpublished part of the pact, would pledge to renew annually for three years the mandate of the U.N. Emergency Force now in the buffer zone. It would also allow Israeli cargoes through the Suez Canal, soften its anti-Israel propaganda, pledge not to support efforts by other Arab states to

soud, who has served for the last year and a half as the Washington special envoy to the League of Arab States. "If an agreement is reached in the next few weeks, then it would have to include credible linkage acceptable to Syria."

Though a rough truce line in Sinai has been agreed upon, this must still be drawn more precisely—practically rock by rock—before Kissinger can return to Washington with a signed pact. Also undecided is whether Egyptian troops would be allowed to follow the Egyptian flag into the Mitla and Giddi passes. Israel wants a guarantee that the passes be demilitarized if its forces pull out. Cairo is insistent that it owns the territory—"Sinai is ours, ours, ours!" proclaims an Egyptian officer—but seems willing to bend and accept demilitarization anyway. The Israelis, many of whom no longer regard Kissinger as their friend, believe that he has not told either side all the concessions that the other side is prepared to make and has a few goodies, like an Egyptian

aid to Israel while they reassessed the U.S. position in the Middle East. The reassessment, originally expected to last only a few weeks, has now dragged on for five months. Though Israel's combat effectiveness has not been hurt, the country is running short of parts for tanks and planes, and Jerusalem has been made to realize how uncomfortably dependent it is on American support.

Ready or Not. The reassessment had its intended effect in forcing Rabin's Cabinet to rethink its own position; and Kissinger, sensing that the Israelis were ready to compromise, felt that it was time to resume the shuttle. He invited himself to Jerusalem, in effect saying: "Here I come, ready or not." The Israelis decided they were ready. "We couldn't exactly say he was not invited, could we?" says one official in Jerusalem. Another adds: "We could have had the same components of an agreement last March. There is no major difference in the two positions. Certainly no significant element was added last



SISCO & ISRAELI ENVOY SIMCHA DINITZ

concession on the passes, in his pocket for both. "It's clear that Kissinger wants to keep some things to himself," says an Israeli close to Rabin.

Whoever gains and loses under the terms of the proposed settlement, it is clear that the Americans will end up paying a substantial bill. When Israel first requested \$2.5 billion in economic and military aid from the U.S., the slogan in Jerusalem was: "You ask for a lot and hope for a little." Now that Israel is asking for—and expecting—even more, one official in Jerusalem pointed out: "After all, Rabin is taking this ugly bride called Miss Interim Agreement. If he doesn't get a nice dowry from Papa Washington, he is going to be in trouble."

Israel, certainly, will be paying a high price for the settlement. If Jerusalem is exacting the last penny from Washington, it feels that Washington has been putting another kind of squeeze on it for months. Both Kissinger and President Ford blamed Israeli intransigence for the failure of the March shuttle, and they immediately halted further

week." Except, apparently, for tentative U.S. approval of that nice dowry.

The Israelis are certainly taking a bigger gamble than the Egyptians. They are giving up some valuable territory for guarantees that Egypt could then turn around and break. Equally important, they have given up their insistence that any pact include a clear-cut declaration of nonbelligerency on the part of Egypt. Only last winter Rabin flatly declared that there would be no agreement without such a declaration. He will soon be reminded of those words. The right-wing Likud Bloc has already demanded a special session of the Israeli parliament this week to debate the agreement. The government's answer might be that it does in fact have a kind of declaration of nonbelligerency. "The agreement will make clear that although we do not have an official status of nonbelligerency with Egypt, we will be in fact in a state of no war," said Foreign Minister Yigal Allon last week. "That is good."

However the debate goes, it is far from certain that the Israelis are, as

oust Israel from the U.N., and temper its current economic boycott of firms doing business with Israel. Sadat, of course, has already reopened the Suez Canal and twice extended the mandate of the U.N. buffer force. Under the same unpublished codicil, Israel would apparently accept the principle of negotiating a similar interim agreement with the Syrians, and perhaps the Palestinians as well. This arrangement for linkage between the two Israeli frontiers is understandably vague, but seemingly enough for the Egyptians to say privately to both the Syrian and Palestinian leaders that Cairo has not sold them out. "Sadat will not take a unilateral step in the forthcoming agreement," states Clovis Mak-

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many of them think, the losers. Kissinger has argued with them for years that their security cannot be measured in miles, but must rest on an eventual accommodation with their Arab neighbors—and the backing of their friends. Of course, Egypt's Sadat could renounce the agreement. But since it benefits him as much as Israel, if not more, it is unlikely that he, or a possible successor, would do so. Kissinger's argument seems to have won over Premier Rabin at least. "I do not view an agreement as dangerous," Rabin told a group of settlers at a kibbutz in the Negev Desert. "Anyone trying to define a proposed withdrawal as a disaster for the state is only sowing panic." Moreover, he pointed out, even if the new agreement goes through, Israeli forces will still be an average 94 miles to the west of the 1967 border.

Rejection Front. Despite such arguments, Rabin will still have a hard time convincing many Israelis. A poll taken by the newspaper *Ha'aretz* showed that 47.6% of his countrymen expressed dissatisfaction with his efforts, while only 37% gave approval. Though he could probably push the proposed agreement through the Knesset, he would have opposition from left, right and even the center of his own Labor Party. "This settlement bodes no good for Israel," says Zevulun Hammer, a member of the right-wing National Religious Party. "We get no political compensation for giving up territory. We expose ourselves to a security danger, and the very strong element of U.S. pressure is tantamount to a dictate from the U.S." Adds Shmuel Tamir, head of the right-wing Free Center faction: "This is not an agreement. It is unilateral withdrawal." The right-wing Gush Emunim movement is planning a giant anti-Kissinger demonstration when the Secretary of State takes his shuttle to Jerusalem. "Kissinger is a disaster," says Gershon Shafat. "His priorities are: one, Kissinger; two, the President; three, the



EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT SADAT VIEWING ISRAELI POSITIONS ON SINAI

Not the final step toward peace, but an essential one nonetheless.

U.S. Israel is nowhere among them."

Ex-Foreign Minister Abba Eban, who favors an overall settlement that would include Syria and the Palestinians rather than piecemeal negotiations, accepts the outlined accord reluctantly. "Acceptance of the settlement is better than rejection of it," says Eban. "Its shortcomings are very tangible and concrete, and its gains are very speculative. But if the alternative to acceptance is deadlock or war, it must be accepted."

Egypt's gain from the settlement would be much more obvious. It would get back some of its territory and a new domestic source of oil at Abu Rudeis, which would increase Egypt's production by about one-third and allow it even to export oil. The Suez Canal would be a little farther away from the muzzles of Israeli cannons. Sadat might even be able to begin thinking about reining in his defense expenditures, which now devour \$2 billion, or 25% of the gross national product (v. \$3.6 billion, or 30% for Israel). Sadat is hard-pressed even to feed his 37 million people, 96% of whom are crowded in a narrow, seven-mile strip running 500 miles along the Nile. Egypt's trade deficit has been re-

vised upward to \$4 billion this year, and short-term debts to commercial banks have risen to about the same amount.

Though Sadat can handle any internal opponents to a settlement with Israel, his critics within the Arab world are more savage than any Rabin might face in the Knesset. Iraq, Libya and some of the radical Palestinian organizations—the so-called Arab "Rejection Front"—are certain to scream if a Sinai agreement is concluded while the Golan Heights and the West Bank of the Jordan remain in the hands of the enemy. The radical Arabs are already furious with Sadat for his refusal to back their attempts to unseat Israel in the U.N. They are likely to insist on bringing the matter up when the nonaligned nations hold a conference next week in Lima, Peru.

Direct Clash. So far Sadat has not allowed the radicals to seize the initiative against him. Quite the contrary. "Israel would love to be expelled from the U.N. because this would polarize American opinion against us," he said last week to Selim el Lozi, publisher of the Beirut weekly *Al-Hawadess*. "I do not understand why we are fond of playing Israel's game." He added: "Egypt's stand toward a second-stage disengagement in Sinai has not changed. If there is a new attitude or a new understanding, it is on the part of Israel." Besides, he continued, "any hesitation about agreeing to restoration of an inch of the occupied territories is, in my opinion, a grave error and even treason."

Even so, the odds are that a settlement would further split the Arab world, with Egypt and the oil-rich states, including Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, on one side, and Iraq, Libya and the Palestinians, with the probable backing of the Soviet Union, on the other. Moscow has been almost preternaturally silent about the probability of a settlement and a resumption of the Kissinger shuttle. In the past, the Soviet Union has insisted that the Geneva Conference was the only place for a settlement to be hammered out—with Soviet help, of course. Moscow now seems to realize that if it blocks this accord and insists on going to Gene-

OIL WELLS AT THE ABU RUDEIS FIELDS ON THE GULF OF SUZ



continued on page 25



F-15 EAGLE FIGHTER IN ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT OVER CALIFORNIA



BASIC VERSION OF THE M-60 COMBAT TANK

Israel's Lengthy Shopping List

It may be coincidence, but U.S. military aid to Israel seems to flow most freely when Jerusalem complies most readily with Washington's wishes. The 1973 Yom Kippur War is an example. When Israel reluctantly yielded to American pressure and lifted its siege of the encircled Egyptian Third Army, thus giving up an opportunity to cripple Cairo's military machine for years to come, compensation quickly followed. U.S. military assistance soared to a total of \$3 billion in 1973-74. After Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy failed last March, the flow of strategic and tactical weaponry to Israel began to dry up, and so did the delivery of spare parts for existing matériel. A \$2.5 billion Israeli request for military and economic aid was shelved while the U.S. undertook a "re-assessment" of its Middle East policy.

Last week, with a new interim peace agreement apparently in the offing, the Israelis were once again on the receiving end of U.S. largesse. A team of four high-level Israeli economic experts was summoned to Washington to discuss an aid package of military support, grants and economic assistance whose price tag has risen from \$2.5 billion to \$3.25 billion. One State Department official had no hesitation in characterizing this sum—most of it in the form of an outright grant that Israel will not have to repay—as a "reward" for the new peace agreement. Of the additional \$750 million, U.S. officials reckon that \$250 million will cover cost increases for military hardware, \$150 million will be used to dismantle Israel's old defense lines in the Sinai and erect new ones, and \$350 million will compensate Jerusalem for the loss of revenues from the Abu Rudeis oil wells.

Provided the political settlement goes through, the Israelis are expected to get most of what they

want. Remarkd an Israeli politician last week: "Our negotiating position at this point might better be described as a shopping list."

The most crucial items on the list are advanced military weapons that can offset the high-grade hardware delivered or promised to the Arab countries by the U.S.S.R. in 1974-75. These include at least two squadrons (totaling 36 planes) of the U.S.'s F-15 Eagle fighter. The 1,650-m.p.h. F-15 is the only aircraft that may be capable of outperforming the MIG-23 "Flogger," which threatens to be Israel's scourge in the air. Thus far the Soviet Union has delivered 70 MIG-23s to Syria, and others are on order in Iraq and Egypt.

Israel will also at last acquire the Lance surface-to-surface guided missiles it has coveted since 1971. The missile can deliver either a conventional or nuclear warhead over a 70-mi. range. Because of its accuracy and reliability, it is believed to be five times more effective than the Soviet-made Scud B

missiles in Syria and Egypt. The Israelis are believed to possess at least ten nuclear bombs with 20-kiloton yield—the size of the U.S. atom bomb dropped on Nagasaki. These bombs are made with the uranium that is a by-product of their Dimona reactor. According to TIME Washington Correspondent Jerry Hannifin, Israeli scientists have developed a method of enriching the uranium into weapons-grade material by using laser beams rather than the more cumbersome gas-diffusion process. The bombs can also be delivered by three types of plane in the Israeli air force, or by the Israeli-produced Jericho missile, which is capable of carrying a 1,500-lb nuclear warhead more than 300 miles.

Another item for acquisition is the latest American RPV, or remotely powered vehicle. The Israelis want several squadrons of these unmanned, jet-piloted aircraft, which have photo reconnaissance and combat strike capabilities while under the control of a "mother" aircraft miles away. New versions of the Israeli war horse, the M-60 tank, are also needed. Other items on the shopping list: more U.S. "smart

bombs" that are guided by laser beams or TV against anti-aircraft missile batteries; electronic "black boxes" that jam enemy radar and anti-aircraft missile guidance systems; and a helicopter launcher for antitank missiles.

U.S. economic assistance and arms sales to Arab countries will come to \$2.2 billion in 1975—including \$1 billion to Saudi Arabia alone for military items. It is the Soviet Union, however, that provides most military hardware to the Arabs, either through credits or by direct sale. Recently, Congress has taken exception to some arms deals with Israel's enemies. Most notably, it is trying to reduce the Ford Administration's request to sell \$350 million worth of advanced Hawk missile systems and Vulcan air-defense machine guns to Jordan.

LANCE GUIDED MISSILE IN NEW MEXICO TEST



THE WORLD

va instead, the larger conference would almost surely fail and the Soviets would bear much of the blame. If Moscow allowed a confrontation to build to war, on the other hand, it might risk an end to détente or even a direct clash with the U.S. At the moment, the Kremlin seems to be doing nothing at all, apparently hoping that the U.S. will fail in its efforts toward peace.

Even if an agreement is reached within the next couple of weeks, it will be some time before a new disengagement can actually be carried out. Israel would first have to complete a new defensive line east of the Giddi and Mitla passes; the Israelis say that that would take at least six months. Congress would presumably have to debate those parts of the bargain that called for American dollars and a new American presence in a volatile area, and that might take equally long. Sadat appears content to wait—as long as the draft agreement is signed soon.

Essential Step. Despite all the agony the agreement has caused, it is still only an interim settlement, and the easiest part to solve of the many-sided Arab-Israeli conflict. There is much less room for give on the Golan Heights, which are disputed by both Israel and Syria; both countries appear intractable on the issues. A solution to the Palestinian problem is nowhere in sight, and there seems little hope for compromise on ownership of the West Bank of the Jordan. Jerusalem is coveted by both sides for its religious shrines and its symbolic authority, but the Israelis are even now building apartment houses in the Arab sector of the city.

The real problem with the interim settlement, in the opinion of some Americans and Israelis alike, is not what Israel may lose in giving up part of the Sinai. It is rather that the necessity for a general Arab-Israeli settlement may be overlooked in the euphoria of success. Because the proposed settlement would run for three years, there may be a temptation, despite all pledges to the contrary, to shelve further peace efforts until the end of that time. Warns Nadav Safran, professor of government at Harvard and the author of a number of books and studies on the Arab-Israeli conflict: "It does not give us three years, but 1½ years perhaps at the most. By the time the agreement in the Sinai is concluded and executed, the Syrians will be pressing hard; and by the time the U.S. election is over in 1976, the Israel-Syria thing will be getting very ripe. Unless we have taken further steps in the meantime, there is going to be trouble."

A Sinai agreement would certainly not be the final step toward peace in the Middle East. All things considered, it would not even be a very dramatic step. It would, however, be an essential one. If it is somehow missed, and Henry Kissinger's eleventh—and possibly last—shuttle fails, war rather than peace would almost surely be the next step

BANGLADESH

Mujib: Death of the Founder

When India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi decided to dispense with the irksome processes of democracy and arrogate all power to herself in June, she was able to take a few cues from her next-door neighbor. Last January Sheikh Mujibur Rahman of Bangladesh, impatient with the plodding progress and growing anarchy of his impoverished country, pushed legislation through Parliament changing the government to a presidential system giving him enlarged powers. The move surprised some and saddened others, since "Mujib" had long impressed observers as a man of reason and moderation as well as great courage.

Last week, accusing Mujib of ineffectual leadership, the armed forces seized the Bangladesh government in a predawn coup. The man the Bengalis called *Bangabandhu* (father of Bengal),

who led the country to independence from Pakistan only four years ago, was killed and replaced by a longtime associate. Although communications with Dacca were cut shortly after the takeover and reports were sketchy, it was clear that the coup was bloody. In addition to Mujib, 55, Prime Minister Mohammed Mansoor Ali and two of Mujib's nephews were also killed. So reportedly were at least 200 other supporters. At week's end the coup's leaders announced that the slain President was buried Saturday in his home village near Dacca with "full honors." There were no other details on how he died.

Islamic Republic. The first signs of trouble came when gunfire was heard near Mujib's house in Dacca. At 5:15 a.m., a Major Dalim announced over Radio Bangladesh that the armed forces had taken over and changed the country's name from the People's Republic of Bangladesh to the Islamic Republic of Bangladesh. The new President, he declared, would be Khandakar Moshataque Ahmed, 56, who had been Minister of Foreign Trade and Commerce in Mujib's Cabinet. Dalim further announced that martial law, as well as a 24-hour curfew, had been proclaimed throughout the country. "Anybody trying to resist the new revolutionary government or violating any instructions given so far will be dealt with severely," he added. By the time he had finished speaking, tanks were patrolling the streets of Dacca.

In a later broadcast, the new President claimed that the takeover had been prompted by "corruption, nepotism and attempts to concentrate power on one head." He charged that Mujib had failed to solve the country's economic problems. But when Khandakar announced a new 16-man civilian ministry, it turned out to be composed entirely of members of Mujib's Cabinet.

Some observers pointed out that while Khandakar had served as Foreign Minister in the government-in-exile during the Pakistani civil war, he may not have been loyal to Mujib. There were allegations after independence that he had participated in U.S.-initiated attempts to prevent the breakaway of Bangladesh. Mujib piqued Khandakar by relieving him of the foreign ministry, appointing Dr. Kamal Hossain, who was in Belgrade when the coup occurred.

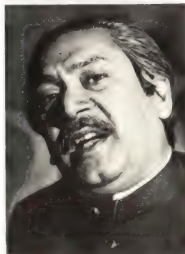
A political conservative, Khandakar is said to favor closer ties with Pakistan. Late last week Pakistan President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto became the first to recognize the new government. But the reaction in India was one of dismay and grief over Mujib's death. Said a government spokesman: "We held him in high esteem in India as one of the outstanding personalities of our time."

The slain Mujib was a man of enor-

PRESIDENT KHANDAKAR MOSHTAQUE AHMED



THE LATE SHEIKH MUJIBUR RAHMAN



THE WORLD

mous magnetism and charm who frequently attracted million-strong throngs with his stirring and emotional oratory. "I have known the impact of Gandhi, Jinnah and Nehru," said one observer, "but the depth of feeling Mujib evoked in so many people and so effortlessly was something no other leader has ever done." Jailed for the first time as a seventh-grader when he agitated in favor of India's independence from Britain, Mujib spent more than ten years behind bars, joking, "Prison is my other home."

In 1949 he founded the Awami League, and took it to a stunning victory in Pakistan's first national election in December 1970. He stood to become Prime Minister of all Pakistan. But he was an East Pakistani, and the West Pakistanis, who had long held absolute sway in the geographically divided country, were not about to yield power. Relations between the two regions deteriorated swiftly.

"They have all the guns," he said of the West Pakistanis at the time. "They can kill me, but let them know that they cannot kill the spirit of the 75 million people of Bengal." Soon afterward, Pakistan's dictator, General Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan, packed Mujib off to a desert prison cell under sentence of death. In a brutal military pogrom, the West Pakistanis proceeded to massacre 3 million Bengalis; 10 million others fled to India for refuge. After India entered the war and crushed Pakistani forces nine months later, Yahya was himself placed under house arrest, and Mujib was released to become the leader of the independent nation of Bangladesh.

Mujib returned to the most tumultuous welcome Dacca had ever seen—and a staggering array of problems in probably the poorest (and most densely populated) country on earth. There were virtually no civil servants and little industry. Ports were clogged, railroads destroyed, the educated elite savaged. Worse, what had not been destroyed in war was soon destroyed by a devastating drought in 1973 and floods last year that inundated three-quarters of the country.

Laudable Objectives. Facing spreading violence—there had been at least 6,000 political murders since independence—Mujib declared a state of emergency last December. He subsequently banned extremist parties on both the left and the right, brought the press under government control, and cracked down on corruption.

The moves met with general favor in Bangladesh, but there were those who were critical. "Do not forget I have had only three years as a free government," he reminded critics. "You cannot expect miracles." Yet even he seemed impatient for miracles in the end. No one ever doubted that his objectives were laudable. Mujib wanted nothing less than to build a "shonar Bangla," the golden Bengal of the poem by Rabindranath Tagore that serves as the country's national anthem.

PORTUGAL

The Anti-Communists Strike Back

Black Volkswagens slipped through Lisbon's twisted streets last week carrying army officers to midnight rendezvous with political allies. Headlights flashed signals in parking garages. To elude detection, shadowy figures flitted from one car to another, then sped away. Some clearly feared for their lives, especially the nine dissident officers who issued the now famous moderate manifesto attacking the ruling troika for dragging Portugal toward a Communist dictatorship. Their leader and the author of the manifesto, former Foreign Minister Ernesto Melo Antunes, was reported to be spending each night in a different place to avoid, in the words of one Western diplomat, "getting snagged by some freelance left-wingers."

The midnight meetings, the clandestine signals, the fears of assassination—were all outgrowths of the crisis that has overtaken Portugal in the past two months. On one side were the moderates, symbolized by Melo Antunes, who favor a gradual, pluralistic approach to socialism. On the other were the well-organized orthodox Communists, who seek to impose total control over the country. For the moment, the political momentum plainly belonged to the moderates. In the north and central regions, Portugal's conservative Roman Catholics staged violent assaults against one local Communist headquarters after another (see *color opposite*). The attacks were eloquent reminders of the depths of anti-Communist feeling among a majority of Portuguese.

From outside Portugal, the moderate forces also received a powerful boost

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, in an otherwise routine speech in Birmingham, expressed sympathy "with those moderate elements who seek to build Portugal by democratic means." Perhaps more important, he warned the Soviet Union, which many believe has been sending millions of dollars to Portugal's Communist Party, not to try to influence events in a country that was "an old friend and ally of ours."

Moderate Group. The Communists and their man in the troika, Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, were very much on the defensive. Gonçalves was clinging desperately to his position, ignoring demands that he resign. But the cabal of officers intent upon ousting him has generated such impressive support that Gonçalves' days seemed numbered. Melo Antunes' moderate manifesto, with its call for a gradual, pluralistic approach to socialism, had won the backing of a majority in the armed forces—some estimates went as high as 85%. Just about every officer of any consequence in the country had signed the document, and military units with some 70,000 men were reportedly backing the moderate group.

Even aides of President Francisco Costa Gomes acknowledged privately that the Communist-leaning Gonçalves had been irredeemably discredited. In the course of a 2½-hour meeting at Belem Palace, Costa Gomes reportedly asked Socialist Leader Mario Soares for a six weeks' grace period to arrange Gonçalves' resignation and restore political parties to representation in the government. Soares rejected the propos-



FAMILY MOURNS WORKER SLAIN DURING ANTI-COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION IN FAFE. Behind the wave of protests, a new unity in the face of a common enemy.



Top: Dom Francisco Maria da Silva, Archbishop of Braga, speaks to anti-Communist demonstrators in front of cathedral. Left: Demonstrators tear down signboard at Communist headquarters after bishop's speech while, above, others burn the Communist flag.



Top: Some 20,000 Catholics demonstrate against Communism in Braga. Left: Al Fátima, young soldier prostrates himself in prayer in front of the basilica. Above: Police protect a Communist bloodied while defending party headquarters.

THE WORLD

al. Soon afterward, he was backed by 7,000 Socialists who marched on Belém Palace shouting "Vasco must resign!"

Of growing significance was the wave of popular anti-Communist violence that continued to swell in the north. Inspired and led by the country's Catholics, the mass demonstrations reflected the fact that the church, quiescent for much of the revolutionary period, was becoming a crucial element in the complicated Portuguese political puzzle. Heretofore weakened by political differences, the Catholics now seem to have united in the face of a common enemy: the Communists.

Best Values. In Braga, an ancient, bustling religious center, thousands turned out to hear conservative Archbishop Francisco Maria da Silva denounce the Communists and demand restoration to the church of Lisbon's Catholic-owned Rádio Renascença. Organizers of the demonstration collected no fewer than 100,000 signatures in a petition calling on the Communists, who seized the station two months ago, to give it up. "We want respect for public morality and moral values!" cried the archbishop. "We want respect for fundamental human rights. Christian people must assume their responsibilities, certain that the best values guide their lives: God, his church, and the homeland."

At the end of the archbishop's speech, thousands moved to the Communist Party headquarters and tore the flag from a balcony pole and burned it in the street. Surrounded and terrified, the Communists opened fire on the crowd; 30 people were injured or wounded, some seriously. Though four armored personnel carriers and two truckloads of troops rumbled in from Oporto at

midnight and dispersed the crowd with tear gas, angry demonstrators later managed to set the Communist headquarters ablaze. By morning, it was a gutted ruin.

Elsewhere in northern and central Portugal, it was much the same story. In Viseu, a factory town 80 miles southeast of Oporto, hundreds of Popular Democrats converged on the local Communist headquarters shouting support for the "Melo Antunes Document."

Nobody could say last week exactly where the Portuguese disorders would lead or who would gain power if Gonçalves did resign. One obvious candidate was Melo Antunes; as the leading moderate dissenter, he has become something of a national hero. Another possibility was Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, the unpredictable, radical, opportunistic chief of Portugal's military security force, COPCON, and a strong admirer of Fidel Castro. Apparently trying to ride the wave of anti-Gonçalves feeling, Saraiva de Carvalho backed still another dissident manifesto—a radical alternative to Melo Antunes' more moderate charter. It harked back to a program earlier promoted by radicals in the Armed Forces Movement: the creation of neighborhood councils of workers, soldiers and peasants that, in bypassing the political parties, would form the country's basic political units. There were reports that Melo Antunes was revising some sections of his dissident charter in an effort to incorporate some of the radicals' principal ideas.

Even if the radicals and moderates do manage to triumph over the Communists, Portugal's future will remain precarious. Were Saraiva de Carvalho to emerge as a strongman, Portugal might well escape an East European-type dictatorship only to end up with a perhaps unorthodox but still dictatorial system. Then, too, nobody could discount the possibility that if the drift toward anarchy continues, the old right-wing, powerless since the April 1974 revolution, might stage a coup. Indeed, the anti-Communist activities led by the armed forces' moderates provided an umbrella for all kinds of non-Communist groups, including former backers of the overthrown Caetano regime.

Little Bloodshed. Still, there was reason to hope that the forces favoring political pluralism would yet gain the upper hand. Both the mass passions against the Communists and the armed forces' abhorrence of the old right-wing dictatorship seem to favor a victory for moderation. There was also cause for encouragement in the fact that there has been little bloodshed despite the chaos and tension of the past several weeks. So far, the various political factions have devoted themselves to writing manifestos—not trying to impose their wills by force of arms.

Upheavals in the remnants of its 500-year-old colonial empire complicated Portugal's crisis last week. In oil-

STANLEY



SARAIVA DE CARVALHO

One dictatorship for another.

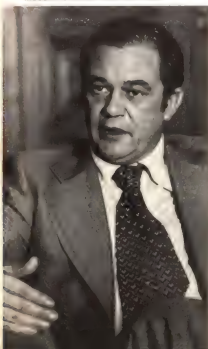
rich Angola, Lisbon resumed complete control, thus ending the Portuguese-African transitional government that had been appointed to run the country in January. The reason for Lisbon's action was the bloody civil war among Angola's three independence parties. Portugal still intends to grant independence to Angola on Nov. 11. But the murderous infighting among the black Angolan factions could compel Lisbon to hang on to its troublesome African colony far longer than it would like.

Main Danger. Trouble also broke out in another colonial quarter—the tiny island of Timor (pop. 650,000), situated in the midst of the Indonesian archipelago. Last week one of the island's fledgling independence parties, using ancient Mausers, Sten guns and Timorese cutlasses, staged a bizarre coup, seizing the police headquarters and the radio station and demanding independence from Portugal.

The instigator of the coup was the Timor Democratic Union (U.D.T.) which had always advocated a gradual approach to independence and a continuing association with Portugal. One possible explanation for the U.D.T.'s action was that it had joined forces with another independence party, Fretilin, to crush a third party that advocates eventual union with Indonesia.

Portuguese authorities on Macao, the country's other remaining Pacific possession, declared that Lisbon's troops would not "open fire against the people of Timor no matter what the outcome of the current crisis." Similarly, Indonesia announced a policy of non-interference. The main danger seemed to be that the three independence parties would begin to bicker among themselves, à la Angola.

MODERATE LEADER MELO ANTUNES



STANLEY

EUROPE

Those Vaguely Sinister Skies

Jonquils bloomed across Britain last February, and there was snow in Edinburgh in June. Thus it should have come as no surprise that this summer London (at 90°) was hotter than Casablanca. So, for that matter, was the rest of Europe, as the Continent suffered through the ninth straight week of a subtropical heat wave that was widely regarded as the worst in a century.

Though the scorchers showed some signs of abating last week, at its height it sent temperatures from the tip of Lapland to the boot of Italy soaring into the 90s day after day. Palermo recorded 105°, Cannes 98°, Helsinki 90°. In Stockholm's outskirts, where the mercury rose to 95° for the first time since 1811, a heat-crazed elk burst out of the woods, plunged into a suburban swimming pool and splashed madly back and forth before finally being rescued by amused firemen. While Moscow shivered under cold blasts from the north that plunged temperatures into the mid-30s and brought topcoats out of summer storage, the Siberian city of Verkhoyansk—the coldest spot on earth, with temperatures in winter dipping to -140°—sweltered in 86° heat.

Motorcycles parked on Paris streets keeled over under their own weight as kickstands finally sank into asphalt that had turned to mush. In Jönköping, Sweden, city fathers warned parents not to let children play on park slides. Reason: too many badly burned bottoms. Ice cream sales climbed, and Britons lapped up Dalek Death Rays Ice Lollies (ices on a stick) at the rate of 2 million a week. They also forsook their tepid brews by the million, sending the sale of chilled Continental-style beer up by 60%. Hot pants were everywhere to be seen on Rome streets, as were nude bathers on Copenhagen beaches, and topless nymphs in Stockholm parks. Though the Coldstream Guards at Buckingham Palace sweltered stoically in their bearskins, London bobbies resorted to what some considered to be the British equivalent of toplessness—they went tieless. "It's the first time in our history we've allowed them to do this," explained an apologetic London inspector. "As soon as the weather turns back to normal, the ties will be back."

Dog Days. French and German winegrowers said that the long, hot summer was swelling grapes on the vine and would produce a vintage crop. Elsewhere, the sizzling sun brought punishing drought. The French government declared parts of Brittany and Normandy agricultural disaster areas. The grain crop was expected to be off by 10%, and there were fears as well for corn and potato harvests. Because of a lack of hay for cattle, milk production plunged.

The dry weather was also blamed for

a rash of forest fires, particularly in Germany and Italy. In Lower Saxony, 7,400 West German soldiers were called out to assist 6,000 civilian firefighters battling two fires that destroyed 20,000 acres of forest land and threatened ten villages. Zookeepers also had their hands full. Penguins in the Cologne zoo had to be put in air-conditioned boxes. A lion in a safari park near Frankfurt lumbered out of his lair and took a dip in the park fountain, and a frazzled baby leopard at the West Berlin zoo sprang out of its crate and bit West German President Walter Scheel, tearing his jacket.

One of the areas most affected by the great *canicola*, as the Italians call the dog days, was southern Italy. With rainfall off by 50% this year, Rome, Naples and hundreds of smaller communities are rationing water. The southern town of Cutro reported 70 cases of typhoid, and health officials have declared a "pre-alert." In Palermo, where strike-neglected garbage aggravated the situation, water is limited to one hour a day—and nobody is ever sure which hour it will be. One Palermo man has taken to sleeping in the bathtub with his feet under the open tap. As soon as a trickle of water awakens him, he sounds an alarm, rousing relatives and neighbors to fill every available pot.

Not So Liberated. Even so, there's not enough for bathing. As one Palermo man admitted with a wince, a shower or bath has become rare, generally reserved for those too young or too infirm to jump into the sea. Well-off vacationers in scenic Positano are resorting to expensive showers of bottled mineral water. Britain's daily *Sun* proposed another solution. It printed a Dutch poster that showed a nude couple embracing under the shower and was captioned "Shower with a friend." Mrs. Sybil Clayton, spokeswoman for the Family Planning Association, predicted that the poster might help to beat the population problem. Said she: "I feel absolutely sure from talking to friends that there is less interest in sex in this weather." Not in Norway, apparently, where a young couple attracted a crowd of spectators by making love in midafternoon in front of Oslo's parliament building. The city's not-so-liberated police fined the woman \$30 (she explained that she had not realized where she was). The man decided to contest the charge in court.

What caused the heat wave and does one summer presage a trend? Hubert Lamb, a head of the climatic research unit of Britain's University of East Anglia, contended that the heat wave was a symptom of the gradual cooling of the earth. "That general trend means more volatile weather," he said. "It will be more hot, more cold, more wet and more dry, just as it was in the 17th century."



WOMAN DIVES INTO BASIN NEAR EIFFEL TOWER



LION LOLLING IN POOL OUTSIDE FRANKFURT



Most meteorologists, however, declined to find a pattern and simply explained that this year, for reasons unknown, a high pressure area that normally moves east from the Azores was carried farther north than usual. As a result, Europe caught the weather that should have gone to Africa.

Whatever the cause, the seemingly endless sunshine perversely caused a vague foreboding. Leave it to British Essayist Malcolm Muggeridge to put that feeling into words. Recalling the beautiful summers of 1914 and 1939, Muggeridge wrote in the *New Statesman*: "There seems to be something vaguely sinister in the continuing blue skies and warm, still evenings, as though they portended the coming of the positively last crisis... when our present way of life, so stained, so distorted, so fraudulent, finally disintegrates."

RHODESIA

A Bizarre Venue

Other diplomatic meetings have been held in railway cars—the signing of the World War I armistice in the Compiègne Forest, for instance, and the 1940 surrender of France, staged at the same spot and in the same car. But never has a meeting been held in a railway car straddling the border between two countries in the middle of a bridge 310 ft. above a churning river, and just downstream from one of the world's mightiest waterfalls.

The bridge in question overlooks the mile-wide Victoria Falls, whose plunge off a black basalt cliff into the Zambezi River creates a column of spray more than 1,000 ft. high that gives rise to the African name for the cascade: *Mosi-oa-tunya* (the smoke that thunders). A white line halfway across the 657-ft.-long bridge marks the border between Rhodesia and Zambia. Directly over that line, the Rhodesian government of Prime Minister Ian Smith and the black leaders of the country's African National Council will meet next week. Their purpose: to begin negotiations that will pave the way for black majority rule.

Vorster's Bite. It was to avoid black rule that Smith broke away from Britain and issued his Unilateral Declaration of Independence nearly ten years ago. For a while, Rhodesia managed to get along pretty well on its own. But since 1972 it has been badly hurt. A spreading guerrilla war has taken nearly 1,000 lives. The worldwide recession proved devastating to an economy already damaged by a decade of international sanctions. Despite his troubles, Smith, 56, a gentleman cattle farmer, said defiantly only six weeks ago: "I don't accept the principle of government based on color." Black nationalists replied that Rhodesia already had a government based on color: 85,000 of its 273,000 whites are able to vote, but

only 7,500 of its 5.8 million blacks.

In recent months, South African Prime Minister John Vorster has tried several times to persuade Smith to come to terms with the black leadership. After a vain effort in June, one African National Council official complained: "Vorster is barking at Smith when he should be biting him."

Two weeks ago, Vorster stopped barking and bit. For over a year Vorster has been trying to achieve détente between South Africa and Black Africa. The black states, he hoped, would countenance continued white rule in South Africa in return for his country's aid and technology. With the collapse of Portuguese colonialism in Mozambique and Angola, Vorster realized that his *cordon sanitaire* of white-ruled states was disintegrating. He also realized that South Africa could hardly afford to prop

African government helpfully offered the six-car "white train" of its state president for the meeting. The train's dining car, complete with a large table of indigenous South African stinkwood, will be parked with its midpoint on the borderline. Smith will be able to sit on the Rhodesian side of the stinkwood table and never leave his country. The mild-mannered Methodist Bishop Abel Muzorewa and other A.N.C. leaders can sit on the Zambian side and never set foot in Rhodesia.

Women Recruits. The meeting is coming none too soon, since the fighting is likely to step up after the rains begin in late October. Some 3,000 African guerrillas are now ranged against Rhodesia and another 5,000 are training in southern Tanzania and central Mozambique. To increase its 12,700-member armed forces, Rhodesia has



VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE, SPANNING BORDER BETWEEN RHODESIA & ZAMBIA
All bets are off, naturally, if the talks are prematurely derailed.

up the Smith regime in the event of an all-out racial war in Rhodesia. Accordingly, he ordered the last of some 2,000 South African paramilitary police out of Rhodesia. He may also withdraw the South African-owned fleet of 50-odd Alouette helicopters that have played an important role in Rhodesia's struggle to hold the guerrillas at bay.

Vorster's move helped to end nine months of quibbling between Smith and the black leaders over a venue for the start of the talks. Smith insisted that they be held inside Rhodesia; the A.N.C. wanted them held elsewhere because at least two of its officials in exile, the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole and James Chikema, were subject to arrest on charges of subversion if they returned to Rhodesia. Hence the bizarre venue astride the Rhodesian-Zambian border. The South

scrapped college deferments, hired unknown numbers of foreign "volunteers" and last month began to recruit women for the first time.

Though the A.N.C.'s leaders are deeply divided, they are united on the principle of black majority rule. In the forthcoming talks, Smith is expected to offer a three-stage plan leading to a Rhodesian federation that would contain two black regions and one white region. "A year ago," reports *TIME* Correspondent Lee Griggs, "the betting among Rhodesian whites was that majority rule might not be established for 20 years. Six months ago, the betting was ten years. Only two months ago, it was five years. And now it is three years." All bets are off, naturally, if the talks aboard that luxury railway car are prematurely derailed.

UNITED NATIONS

Selective Universality

When Daniel Patrick Moynihan was named the new American Ambassador to the U.N. three months ago, some diplomats braced themselves for the arrival of a real ogre. It was Moynihan, after all, who, having just wound up a two-year tour as U.S. Ambassador to India, wrote a controversial article urging the U.S. to quit kowtowing to the Third World. Instead of apologizing for America's "imperfect democracy," he said, the U.S. should take a tough stand toward the new nations, especially their tendency to band together with the Communist countries in anti-Western positions.

Once Moynihan moved into his office on the East River, he disarmed his U.N. colleagues with the same affability and Irish charm that have impressed four U.S. Presidents. His policy, he stressed, was to foster "genuine dialogue" rather than confrontation. Once he even praised a delegate for his "excellent presentation" of a bitterly abusive anti-U.S. speech.

Last week, however, Moynihan found himself playing the ogre once again. In two separate Security Council votes, on General Assembly membership for North and South Viet Nam, each time there were 13 ayes, one abstention and a lonely nay: Moynihan's. The reason for his vetoes was the Security Council's refusal even to consider the bid for membership of still another country—South Korea.

Two Vetoes. The U.S., Moynihan explained, was ready to vote for the admission of both Viet Nams and of South Korea. But the Communists and such left-leaning but nonaligned members of the council as Iraq and Tanzania blocked South Korea's application from even being included on the agenda. U.S. policymakers were outraged, and the upshot was Moynihan's two vetoes. Never before had the U.S. used the veto to block a membership application.* The U.S., said Moynihan, "will have nothing to do with selective universality, a principle which in practice admits only new members acceptable to totalitarian states."

The two Viet Nams and their sponsors quickly protested that the U.S. was using the Korea issue as a pretext. Insofar as the U.S. was reluctant to give two U.N. votes to Hanoi, which for all practical purposes runs both Viet Nams, there was some truth to the charge. Even so, the refusal of the Communist and nonaligned countries to consider South Korea's application was nothing less than an egregious violation of the U.N.'s principle of universality.

*Previously the U.S. had cast just seven vetoes, including two in protection of Israel and one rejecting the idea of U.S. sovereignty over the Panama Canal. The Soviet Union, by contrast, has cast 110 vetoes.



PAWLOWSKI IS TOSSED IN AIR BY TEAMMATES AFTER HIS 1968 OLYMPIC VICTORY

POLAND

The Broken Saber

Of all the world's practitioners of the ancient aristocratic sport of fencing, none was more flamboyant than the Polish star Jerzy Pawlowski. Winner of an Olympic gold medal in 1968 and three-time world fencing champion in saber, the handsome 43-year-old lieutenant colonel in the Polish army was the undisputed sports hero of Poland. So great was the country's pride in Pawlowski's prowess that Polish Party Chief Edward Giersek is said to have brought the fencer with him to an informal meeting with Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev.

Then came the chilling news of Pawlowski's arrest. In a laconic communiqué last June that was buried in most Polish papers—some printed the item on the sports page—the official Polish news agency PAP announced that the champion had been arrested "in connection with the suspicion that he has committed crimes against the basic interests of the state." Other Polish sports figures and a number of Polish general staff officers are also believed to have been arrested, including a track star, Marek Bedynski, a colonel and two majors.

Western participants in the international fencing matches in Budapest last month expressed shock at the conspicuous absence of Pawlowski. Members of the now crippled Polish team, meanwhile, were plainly fearful of openly discussing the fate of their champion. Italian Fencer Mario Aldo Montano, twice the world champion, doubted tales that Pawlowski had been accused of espionage. "It is not the sort of thing one would expect of Pawlowski," said Montano. "He is so correct—a gentleman very much in the tradition of fencing." Added American Fencer Jack Keane, captain of the Pan

American fencing team, who has often competed with Pawlowski: "He is such a Polish patriot; he would no more betray his country than he would his sport."

Travelers returning from Poland last week reported that Warsaw is awash with rumors about Pawlowski's fate. He is said to have had his hands broken in prison by the Polish secret police, or to have committed suicide in Modlin prison outside Warsaw. According to one rumor, Pawlowski was arrested at Warsaw airport just as he was leaving on one of his frequent trips abroad. Another story had him picked up by police at his desk in the athletic-training department of the Polish Ministry of National Defense. Since his arrest, more than 100 persons are believed to have been interrogated in connection with the case. He is variously rumored to have been involved with a smuggling ring, planned to defect to the West, or to have spied for the French secret service, the CIA or the KGB. Similar tales have reached Polish-born academics and authors in the U.S. None could be confirmed.

Savage Caricature. At the same time, the Polish weekly paper *Sportowicz* (The Sportsman) published an article entitled "Decline of a Hero," which characterized a certain famous sports figure, identified as "P," as having a secret life that he had hidden under the mask of a fencer. The Polish weekly newspaper *Literatura* ran a savage caricature representing Pawlowski as a sinister spy whose fencing thrust is parried and his saber broken as he tries to gather military secrets. Such attacks on Pawlowski in the official press suggest that he may still be alive and that Polish leaders aim to prepare public opinion for a formal trial—possibly by a military court. If Pawlowski were convicted of treason, which carries the death penalty, a great saber will indeed have been broken.

PEOPLE

"Eldridge Cleaver seeking legitimate business associates to finance and organize marketing of his revolutionary design in male pants," read the advertisement in the *International Herald Tribune*. Had the fugitive Black Panther decided to go straight? Hardly. The distinguishing feature of Cleaver's new pants turned out to be an enormous, cod-piece-like set of external genitalia. "I want to solve the problem of the fig leaf mentality," explained Cleaver, who now lives in the Latin Quarter of Paris after spending four years in Algeria. "Clothing is an extension of the fig leaf; it puts our sex inside our bodies. My pants put sex back where it should be."

It was just before his trip to Montreal for the American Judicature Society meeting, recalled Columnist **Jack Anderson**, when an assistant FBI director called to warn of a possible assassination plot by Arab terrorists. "If the FBI calls you, you've got to pay more attention than if some nut just wrote you a letter," said Anderson. Accordingly, Montreal police were notified, and they arranged for a secret hotel room and plainclothes guard. His protection thus assured, Anderson ventured out to make his speech—which included his standard quick jab at the FBI for keeping dossiers on prominent Americans.

Despite mounting discontent with his leadership, **General Idi Amin Dada**, Uganda's unhinged head of state, rumbles on. In order to dramatize his offer to lead Egyptian troops against Israel, Big Daddy has now promised to swim the Suez Canal. Widthwise, of course. For all his alleged aquanautical ability, he may be just as happy with a few laps in the White House pool. Amin plans to address the U.N. General Assembly in New York and says he hopes to visit President Ford as well. "If America respects the views and decisions of the Af-

rican continent, President Ford will receive me," said Big Daddy. "But if he ignores my presence, I will make my speech and go home. Then I will call for the transfer of the U.N. to another country."

Sometimes there's more to Vaude-Rocker **Alice Cooper** than meets the eye shadow. After a three-week Hawaiian vacation, Cooper came to New York last week and was... well, swept up in a city cleanup campaign. Joining some 300 volunteers, the rock star spent a couple of hours clearing away the garbage in one of Manhattan's parks. "I'm an old sentimentalist about New York," explained Cooper. That may be just as well. While the singer was away from home, his new \$150,000 house in West Los Angeles burned to the ground.

"I don't have any cats of my own, and this experience has not increased my desire to have any," stated Actor **Peter Ustinov**, whose new movie casts him opposite **Michael York**, **Jenny Agutter**—and 150 feline co-stars. The sci-fi film, titled *Logan's Run*, shows Ustinov as the



ALICE COOPER CLEANS UP HIS ACT



PETER USTINOV & FRIENDS STAKE OUT THE SENATE IN *LOGAN'S RUN*

last human resident of Washington, D.C., left all alone to pussyfoot his way through the Senate Chamber. "When you get them all together, they are all very much different," said Ustinov of his furry associates. "One cat had asthma whenever I started to talk to it. I rather liked that one because I understood it."

The filming of *The Bluebird*, the first full-length movie collaboration between the Soviet Union and the U.S., has gone a lot less smoothly than hoped. The picture, filmed in Leningrad and based on Maurice Maeterlinck's classic fairy tale, first faltered when the Russian

cinematographer overexposed much of the early film and had to be replaced. Then one U.S. star (**James Coco**) dropped out for gall-bladder surgery and another (**Elizabeth Taylor**) fled to a London hospital suffering from amoebic dysentery. Last week everything seemed back in focus as members of the crews and cast gathered at the Leningrad Hotel for a buffet of caviar and vodka. The hostess? The completely recovered Elizabeth Taylor, who displayed a previously unexploited talent for diplomacy. Said she: "If another opportunity comes up to be in a Soviet-American co-production, I'll be pleased to accept the proposal."



BIG DADDY AMIN IN THE DRINK

CAN'T ANYONE HERE SPEAK ENGLISH?

"The Americans," Walt Whitman wrote in the 1850s, "are going to be the most fluent and melodious-voiced people in the world, and the most perfect users of words."

The line was more hopeful than prophetic. Today, many believe that the American language has lost not only its melody but a lot of its meaning. Schoolchildren and even college students often seem disastrously ignorant of words; they stare, uncomprehending, at simple declarative English. Leon Botstein, president of New York's Bard College, says with glum hyperbole: "The English language is dying, because it is not taught." Others believe that the language is taught badly and learned badly because American culture is awash with clichés, officialese, political bilge, the surreal bootspeak of advertising ("Mr. Whipple, please don't squeeze the cortex") and the sludge of academic writing. It would be no wonder if children exposed to such discourse grew up with at least an unconscious hostility to language itself.

Much of the current concern about language is only a pedant's despair. Some of the preoccupation masks a cynical delight in the absurdities that people are capable of perpetrating with words. No one worries very much about the schoolmarm's strictures against "ain't" and "it's me." Connoisseurs savor genuine follies, like those of the new priests of thanatology, who describe dying as "terminal living," or the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare who explained a \$61.7 million cut in social services as "advance downward adjustments." But whatever mirth there may be in these and other buffooneries, euphemisms, pomposities, tautologies, evasions and roccoco lies, they are also signals of a new brainlessness in public language that coincides with a frightening ineptitude for reading and writing among the young.

Some linguistic purists wrongly fear slang and neologisms; these are the life signs of a language, its breath on the mirror. The danger now is something that seems new and ominous: an indifference to language, a devaluation that leaves it bloodless and zombie-like. It is as if language had ceased to be important, to be worthy of attention. Television undoubtedly has something to do with that. With its chaotic parade of images, TV makes language subordinate, merely a part of the general noise. It has certainly subverted the idea of reading as entertainment. A recent study by A.C. Nielsen Co. found that Americans watch a numbing average of 3.8 hours of TV per day.

Part of the devaluation of language results from a feeling that somehow it is no longer effective. Samuel Johnson's society pinned its faith on language; Americans attach theirs to technology. It is not words that put men on the moon, that command technology's powerful surprises. Man does not ascend to heaven by prayer, the aspiration of language, but by the complex rockets and computer codes of NASA.

The indifference to language is also a result of Viet Nam and Watergate. An accumulation of lies inevitably corrupts the language in which the lies are told. After an American bombing raid in Cambodia, a U.S. Air Force colonel complained to reporters: "You always write it's bombing, bombing, bombing. It's not bombing! It's air support." The classic of the war, of course, came from the American officer who explained: "It was necessary to destroy the village in order to save it." In Nixon's White House, concealing information became "containment." "I was wrong" or "I lied" became "I mispoke myself." And so on. Abuse of power is usually attended by abuse of language. Viet Nam and Watergate, along with later revelations about the



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FBI and CIA, have encouraged a cynical, almost conspiratorial view that public words are intended to conceal, not to transmit, the truth.

Recently an informal group of linguistic vigilantes has risen up to ridicule American abuses and to warn, in terms alternately playful and despairing, that a culture so heedless of its language is headed toward a state of corrupt, Orwellian gibberish. These writers have found a responsive audience; people obsessed with good English almost enjoy the feeling that they belong to an embattled cult. NBC Commentator Edwin Newman's *Strictly Speaking*, a catalogue of ugly Americanisms and verbal atrocities, was 26 weeks on the bestseller lists. A Pulitzer prizewinning writer, Jean Stafford, has been conducting a crusade of sorts against what she sees as the encroaching barbarism of inexact and fraudulent language.

Works by other writers in the past few months have reflected this fascination with language, but have delved deeper into the mysterious origins of words. In *After Babel*, Critic George Steiner uses the problems of translation to discuss the diversity of human tongues and the linguistic theories that account for them. (Unlike many of the critics, he finds American English now in "a state of acquisitive brilliance but also of instability.") Novelist Walker Percy, in a book of essays called *The Message in the Bottle*, splendidly analyzes the sheer strangeness of lan-

guage as a phenomenon—an exchange of mental fire that obeys no physical laws but has its origins in some miraculous gift of comprehension and self-awareness, a gift as spontaneous and awesome as Helen Keller's discovering the physical fact of water and the word for water at the same moment. Such reflections reach back to the edges of silence, to a cabalistic cherishing of words—the beginning of speech being the event that marked the first step in the hominids' progress toward Shakespeare. But most of the debate about language now occurs at the opposite end of history, in today's atmosphere of verbal saturation.

America's vocabularies, both public and private, are being corrupted in part by a curious style of bombast intended to invest even the most banal ideas with importance. Discussing his institution's money troubles, a university president promises: "We will divert the force of this fiscal stress into leverage energy and pry important budgetary considerations and control out of our fiscal and administrative procedures." This is a W.C. Fields newspeak, the earnestly pseudoprecise diction beloved of bureaucrats, who imagine that its blind impenetrability will give their ideas some authoritative heft. In fact, it only confirms the Confucian maxim: "If language is incorrect, then what is said is not meant. If what is said is not meant, then what ought to be done remains undone."

Police prose is a burlesque of the administrative: "I apprehended the alleged perpetrator." (In a bar, the cop would say, "I collared this creep.") Eventually, all officials take on a mindless life of its own, the words combining and recombining according to some notion in the bureaucratic inner ear of how public language ought to sound, regardless (or irrationally, as they say) of what it means. This is an aerosol English, released by pushing a button. Writer Jimmy Breslin describes what is perhaps the ultimate in this prose: a policeman, testifying in a homicide case, refers to "the alleged victim."

A television weatherman solemnly predicts "rain tonight in some official areas." A restaurant advertises itself as "a great tradition since 1973." Wardens call solitary confinement cells "adjustment centers" or, worse, "meditation rooms." A letter from Dartmouth College describes a report on higher education financing as "containing arresting conclusions of almost watershed quality." Howard Cosell, a sports commentator with a gift for yahoo erudition, says of a quarterback: "I am impressed by the continuity of his physical presence."

All professions have their jargon, but the language of academics, especially those in the social sciences, seems to lead farther and farther into forests of meaninglessness. An article in the *Journal of Educational Psychology* declared: "Both the black and white teachers studied emitted few reinforcements and those emitted tended to be traditional (distant reinforcements), although most teachers stated a preference for proximity reinforcements (material rewards and close personal contact)." It is Humpty Dumpty's gospel: "Impenetrability, that's what I say!"

Feminism—which gave America the sledgehammer phrase "male chauvinist pig"—may eventually succeed in neutralizing gender in language, but the linguistic changes it has proposed often have a tinny, doctrinaire sound. Novelist Anne Roiphe, an otherwise intelligent writer, recently referred in all seriousness to her daughter's playing "cowpersons and Indians"—history amended for ideology. A letter to the editor of *Ms* suggested that the gender suffixes be eliminated and be replaced by "peep"—thus, cowpeep, policepeep, chairpeep and presumably even peepslaughter. (It cannot be helped that manhole would become peephole.) In a letter to the director of the Center for Women in Medicine at the Medical College of Pennsylvania, the president of the National Organization for Women wrote: "What we are about is moving from androcentric values and behaviors to androgynous or better yet (for consciousness-raising) gynecious health care and societal values. In the process, the health occupations must be desexagrated..."

It takes no schoolmaster's prissiness to recognize that in various major and minor ways, the American language is being brutalized. The National Council of Churches speaks of "education/conscientization programs," and an overwrought prelate writes of "the worship explosion." Gurus practice a kind of Kahlil Gibran-speak—soft, aching, moonshine words with a nimbus of profundity about them. The use of words as hand grenades ("Off the pig!" and "Burn, baby, burn!") has diminished since the '60s. But many people have retreated into a laid-back doze of speech ("Ya know... like... that's heavy...") that is incapable of bearing any meaning weightier than a sigh.

Many of the stupidities committed with language are ludicrous rather than sinister. A California executive tells a business meeting: "When you see all these other people getting the ax, it makes you gun-shy." Incredulous becomes incredible. Almost everyone misuses the word hopefully ("Hopefully the language will improve"). Decimate has come to mean total destruction rather than a reduction by one-tenth. To which everyone responds: "I could care less."

If the state of reading and writing among the young is any indication, the use of language is going to get worse. Says Travis Trittshuh, professor of English at Detroit's Wayne State University: "Writing is not the most important way of communicating in the '70s. Students see multimillionaires who speak haltingly and write abominably, and they realize that writing no longer has prestige."

Michael Shugrue, dean of the college at Richmond College of the City University of New York, says that the role of college English teachers has shifted from introducing students to great literature to introducing "growing numbers of young adults to literacy, to reading and writing and even speaking." It is not only the minorities, the poor, the Spanish-speaking young who are having trouble; the same pattern is evident among the white middle class.

Examples can be found across the nation.

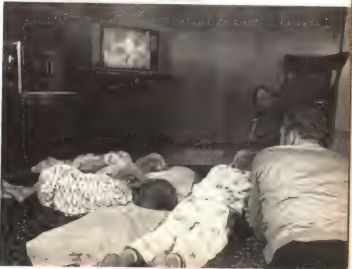
► Last year the Association of American Publishers' guide to reading textbooks, a guide intended for college freshmen, had to be rewritten for a ninth-grade reading level.

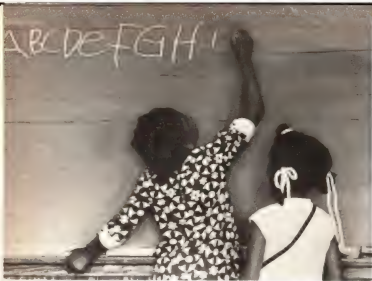
► The City University of New York spent \$15 million last year on remedial English courses. Many of the students enrolling under an open-admissions policy are reading below the ninth-grade level.

► In 1957, the average verbal score on the national Scholastic Aptitude Tests was 473 (on a scale from 200 to 800). In 1973, the average was down 33 points, to 440.

► More than one-third of the students who want to become journalism majors in their junior year at the University of Wis-

FATHER WATCHING TELEVISION WITH HIS CHILDREN





PUPILS LEARNING THE ALPHABET IN ALABAMA



WOMAN WORKING AT THE MYSTERIES OF A CROSSWORD PUZZLE

consin did not meet minimum admissions standards in grammar, spelling, punctuation and word usage. At the University of North Carolina's journalism school, 39% of the students flunked the basic spelling test.

The problem is compounded when racial sensitivities are involved. Should teachers try to enforce the prescriptive rule of standard American English on black children who have learned a dialect at home that is quite different, that is "incorrect" by the standard rules? Ghetto students are often faced with the choice of accepting the teacher's standards or retaining those of family and friends. Says William Smith, associate professor at Boston University's School of Education: "If a child is told the way he speaks is ignorant, he has only two options: ridicule or silence."

The problem is that the language learned at home and in the streets can be crippling in America if the black child—or the Puerto Rican raised on Spanish, the Jewish child raised on Yiddish—does not also learn the standard English that is the currency of opportunity. J. Mitchell Morse, a professor of English at Temple University, writes vehemently: "To the extent that the establishment depends on the inarticulacy of the governed, good writing is inherently subversive. . . . Black English, the shuffling speech of slavery, serves the purposes of white racism." Of course, there is angry argument over whether black dialect is "the shuffling speech of slavery."

Too much may have been made of the "linguistic separatism" that supposedly divides blacks and whites. As with some other black-white questions, it can be as much a matter of economic class as of race. Rural poor whites have trouble with standard English just as some poor blacks do. Says Jean Stafford: "I feel about black English as I do about Yiddish. There is a lingua franca that they are free to use among one another, but if they are not making themselves understood to those outside their group, then they can expect nothing but misinterpretation. There has to be an official language, an acceptable language."

Some argue that the decline in English standards results from the increase of mass education and from open-admissions programs—although to argue against ever widening opportunity of education is to confront one of the most cherished goals of the American ideal. In any case, teachers all along the line must play a frantic kind of catch-up. Colleges blame high school teachers for sending them students who cannot read or write properly; high school teachers blame the schools below; and, with reason, nearly everybody blames the families from which the children come.

In too many American schools, teachers are overworked and overwhelmed. They are lucky if they can give ten minutes to correcting a student's paper. Some teachers doggedly diagram sentences in the hope that the structure of language will sink in and provide a foundation. Others forget about structures and trust that reading literature will ensure, perhaps by osmosis, a better

grasp of the language—although the definition of literature now has often descended from Shakespeare and Conrad to Woody Allen and Kurt Vonnegut.

There are those who consider the current breast-beating over language too pessimistic. Marshall McLuhan believes it to be "absolute nonsense"—but then McLuhan is the man who once said "Most clear writing is a sign that there is no exploration going on. Clear prose indicates an absence of thought." By McLuhan's analysis: "In the radio age, the parameters of the classroom can no longer contain the English language. The sophistication outside the classroom exceeds that of the classroom."

Says Harry Levin, professor of comparative literature at Harvard: "Language changes. The more it is used, the more it is abused. English was a very permissive language to begin with Shakespeare, for example, had the advantage of writing when there were no grammars." Some believe that the current outrage over abused English reflects snobberies of class and power. Says Columbia University Sociologist Herbert Gans: "Language is a power tool. I'm not sure if it isn't just the elite who have had power who are worrying over the loss of influence."

But the fact that language is an instrument of power—whatever the current doubts about its effectiveness—should make Americans more attentive to it, not less. To a great extent, a people's language is its civilization, the collective storage system of a tribe. Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who knows something of the totalitarian uses of language, has said that he studies the words in his Russian dictionary "as if they were precious stones, each so precious that I would not exchange one for another." Another Russian exile, Vladimir Nabokov, has the same curator's love of words.

It may be that in an energetic, profligate culture like America's, language seems as disposable as ballpoint pens or beer cans. That throwaway mentality may account for some of the negligence. The argument is not between changes, linguistic innovation, new combinations on the one hand, and priggish correctness on the other. It is between meaning and meaninglessness. When language is reduced, so is civilization. George Orwell understood that "the smaller the area of choice [of words], the smaller the temptation to take thought."

In a magnificent tirade in Anthony Burgess's novel *The Clockwork Testament* or *Enderby's End*, the poet Enderby rails at his dullard "creative writing" class: "All that's going to save your immortal soul, maaaaaa, if you have one, is words . . . Sooner or later you're all going to jail . . . All you'll have is language, the great conservator . . . Compose in your head. The time will come when you won't even be allowed a stub of pencil and the back of an envelope." There is perhaps too much doomism in that advice, but anyone watching the world now may want to think hypothetically of stashing away in his survival kit, along with the dried foods and bottled water, a copy of the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*.

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vety tones that normally come out of radios too big to carry around.

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A "moving film" style tuning dial.

And a 60-minute timer that turns the radio on and off.

Why not stop in at a Sony dealer and get checked out.

Then find a lonely stretch of road, and open her up.

THE COCKPIT.

Model ICF-S500. Ultra compact, three-band, portable radio. *not on AM.



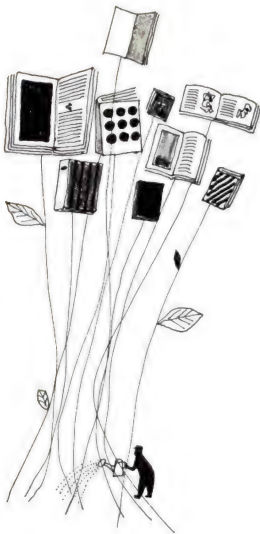
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RAND McNALLY



— and
you thought
we just made
maps



TM Marches On

Merv Griffin, Clint Eastwood, Joe Namath and Peggy Lee practice it. So do thousands of other Americans, both famous and unfamous. Their passion, Transcendental Meditation, was not much more than a student cult when it first caught on in the '60s. But today TM, as its devotees call it, claims a fast-growing following among suburban housewives, businessmen, athletes and even retirees. The number of active TM practitioners has jumped from about 250,000 two years ago to more than 575,000 at present. Now TM has achieved indisputable certification as a full-blown nationwide fad: not one but two books extolling the movement are high up on the bestseller lists.

One of them is *The TM Book* (Price/Stern/Sloan, \$3.95), an adoring introduction to the movement by Peter McWilliams, a Michigan poet, and Denise Denniston, a full-time teacher of meditation. Out less than a month, the book already ranks No. 2 on some major paperback bestseller lists, behind *The Joy of Sex*. Although the subtitle promises to explain "how to enjoy the rest of your life," the book in fact attempts little more than an almost childishly simple accounting of what TM is—or, more precisely, is not. The authors point out that TM is neither a religion nor a philosophy and that practitioners are not asked to wear "funny clothes" or follow vegetarian diets. TM followers, McWilliams and Denniston advise gravely, can even eat Big Macs in good conscience.

The second book, *TM* (Delacorte; \$8.95), by California Psychiatrist Harold Bloomfield and two co-authors, is a more academic treatment of the movement. The book, currently No. 3 on hard-cover lists, makes the basic argument that 20 minutes of meditation every morning and evening can reduce stress, lower blood pressure, and even cure psychosomatic illnesses.

Indeed, there is undisputed evidence that meditation lowers oxygen consumption and induces other physiological changes. But many researchers are uneasy about the claims made for TM in the book's plethora of graphs and charts; these suggest, among other things, that students do better in school after taking up TM, and that practitioners get along with their bosses and co-workers better than non-meditators. Says Harvard Psy-

chologist Gary Schwartz: "A lot of those charts are based on unpublished data which can be explained by many other reasons than those interpreted by the TM people."

The TM authors take a swipe at psychotherapy, claiming that its focus on "previous negative experiences can lead to a loss of self-esteem rather than its enhancement." Their rather pat conclusion: "The key to successful therapy lies instead in creating psychological and physiological conditions which optimize the natural tendency of the nervous system to stabilize itself. TM ap-

proaches. The books are, of course, on sale at most TM centers. As Harvard's Schwartz puts it wryly: "TM is no longer just a movement, but an industry."

It is also a mania, more appealing to many persons than psychotherapy or other relatively demanding kinds of help. Explains Boston Psychiatrist Lee Birk: "Transcendental Meditation appears to be based on art rather than science, and there is something people like about that. The white-coated laboratory researcher is just as comforting as the Indian guru who has centuries of human wisdom behind him." Even so, the sweeping claims about TM still need to be proved definitively.

Chemical Straitjackets

Children confined to mental institutions or reformatories are often sadly neglected by overworked staffs. But far worse, charges Indiana Democrat Birch Bayh, they are being "mentally handicapped and made vegetables" by widespread overdosing with Thorazine and other potent tranquilizers. This week Bayh's Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency is holding hearings on allegations of drug misuse in both private and public institutions for children.

The problem, say Senate investigators, is that institution staffs find it easier to control troubled or obstreperous children when they are heavily sedated. Sometimes the results can be tragic. A North Carolina doctor and his wife blame the death of their retarded daughter last June on an overdose of Thorazine administered in a state institution. Education Researcher Kenneth Wood-en, who recently visited juvenile facilities in 30 states as part of a Ford Foundation research project, charges that "thousands of children have been placed in human warehouses where hard drugs are administered like candy."

Such warehouses have been a major concern in Texas, where until recently, licenses to run child-care facilities were granted to some unqualified operators possessing no better credentials than a high school diploma. Many were attracted to the field mainly by the \$800 to \$1,100 monthly stipends that the home states give to institutions for each retarded or delinquent youngster they care for. Senate and Justice Department investigators believe that public facilities in New York, California, Louisiana and other states have actually helped to keep the Texas child-care mills going by shipping them children whom they find too troublesome to handle.

Texas has moved to tighten its standards for juvenile homes. Still, Bayh's committee wants to frame federal laws that will tighten up regulations nationwide and end the use of what the Senator calls "chemical straitjackets."

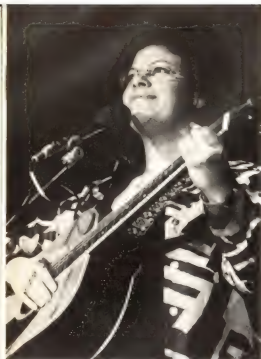


CARTOON MOCKING CONTEMPT FROM THE TM BOOK
No funny clothes, and Big Macs are fine.

pears to offer a systematic method to achieve this goal."

The main drawback of both books is that they tell almost everything about TM except how to go about it. Readers are referred to the 397 meditation centers across the country that offer a seven-session course in the TM fundamentals for \$125 (\$65 for college students). Following the procedures set up by the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, founder of the nonprofit TM movement, new recruits are initiated in candlelit, incense-filled rooms. Trained teachers assign each student a personal mantra—a meaningless sound that must be kept secret. Students are taught to close their eyes for 20 minutes (twice daily, focus on their mantra, and let their mind "float and float."

This kind of training, practitioners of TM insist, cannot be given in a book. Indeed, readers of the Bloomfield book are warned that mantras that are adopted without professional advice may lead to various "negative or unsettling" af-



SINGER PHOEBE SNOW IN PERFORMANCE

End of Night

Each year some 4,500 different pop albums appear. Breaking in a new recording act, therefore, usually involves a lot of promotional hoopla. Yet *Phoebe Snow*, the 1974 Shelter LP, arrived unheralded by the trade-magazine campaigns and autographed T-shirts that seem to be the star machine's favorite propaganda weapons. A few disc jockeys liked what they heard and began playing the record. Eventually people were talking about the girl with the willowy voice, so subtle that she would wrap it around a note, bend it, put a spin on it, and then zoom up or down a couple of octaves. Her single *Poetry Man* hit the top ten on the charts, and now square-shaped, frizz-topped Phoebe Snow has walked off with a Rocky for Best New Female Vocalist given at Don Kirshner's Rock Music Awards.

It is a success tinged with irony. Phoebe, 25, is actually a jazz singer in the mold of Billie Holiday. As yet she lacks the white-hot intensity of Lady Day, but the pain that wrenches her voice is genuine. She sings from deep personal emotion, with lightning improvisation and embellished phrases.

She writes most of her own songs, filling pads of paper with words. Sometimes a fragment bursts into several paragraphs. When that happens, Phoebe hums a tune and sets it to music. Most of her early compositions are sad, reflecting disappointment in herself, especially with her looks.

*Sometimes this face
Looks so funny
That I hide it
Behind a book*

*But sometimes this face
Has so much class
That I have to sneak
A second look*

"I was an unusual kid. I didn't look like anybody else," she recalls. "Everybody was wearing pageboys, and I had frizzy hair." She changed her name from Phoebe Laub to Phoebe Snow, a sign on boxcars near her home in Teaneck, N.J. She doted on Shirley Temple movies and Judy Garland records. Later she borrowed from early enthusiasms. "I copped that lick for my refrain in *Poetry Man* from *The Continental* in the old Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movie," she admits. Her parents—her mother was a Martha Graham dancer—encouraged her to study classical piano. With Billie Holiday, Big Bill Broonzy and Bob Dylan thrown in, Snow's personal sound track was varied.

*Oh mommy mommy, yeah
I stood too near the gaslight
And I cried
The dirty city mist
Had seeped too deep inside
It took me on some kind
Of heady ride
They told me Charlie Parker died
And I don't want the night to end*

Phoebe's Charlie was not the legendary saxophonist but a pal nicknamed Harpo. "He had all Harpo Marx's moves down," says Phoebe, "and he played junk instruments like the wash-tub bass." Charlie introduced her to new music like Spike Jones. Then three years ago, at the age of 20, he died of an overdose.

Phoebe was starting on a similar course. To lose weight she took diet pills; to overcome shyness, she drank. But if pills, liquor and drugs vanquished inhibitions, they also led to paranoia. "If I smoked a joint and went into a restaurant where people were laughing," she explains, "you could not convince me

that they were not laughing at me. The lady in the corner holding the compact was looking at me over her shoulder." A year ago, her throat raw from marijuana, she decided to stop using all drugs. Now she avoids even aspirin.

Phoebe sees better times on the way. Recently she set up housekeeping with Guitarist Phil Kearns in Edgewater, N.J., overlooking the Hudson. Her new album will be mostly love songs. "I was a pretty depressed person a lot of the time," says Phoebe, "but I've gotten tired of sad songs. Lately I've just been unashamedly happy."

Citizen Composer

"Only those who have suffered very deeply can totally understand Dmitri Shostakovich's music," said Cellist-Conductor Mstislav Rostropovich as he paid tribute to his former teacher and friend. "He gave to the world not only a sense of great beauty, but also a feeling for the great difficulties and contradictions of the epoch in which he lived."

Few lives, in fact, provide a more poignant illustration of those contradictions than that of the Soviet composer who died at 68 of heart disease outside Moscow. Along with Stravinsky and Prokofiev, Shostakovich was one of the masters of contemporary Russian music. Throughout his long creative life, his works went in and out of capricious official favor with a regularity that Shostakovich must have found dispiriting as well as baffling. His *First Symphony*, written in 1925 when he was 18, revealed such mastery of orchestration and startling harmonic originality that his reputation was immediately established. He believed in the ideals of the Revolution and did not intend his music to be subversive. But the career of his second opera, *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*, was typical. At its premiere in 1934, critics called it a masterpiece, "the first monumental work of Soviet musical

COMPOSER DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH AT THE KEYBOARD PLAYING ONE OF HIS OWN WORKS (1958)



culture." So it remained for two years—until Stalin took in a performance and found the opera wanting. *Pravda* reacted quickly: "The music quacks, grunts, growls." *Lady Macbeth* was shelved,* and the composer publicly admitted his aesthetic error.

Two years later, Shostakovich was back in favor again with the *Fifth Symphony*. Striving for simplicity, he avoided complexities and eccentric tonalities. Instead, he fashioned what became his characteristic symphonic architecture: sprawling largos, martial rhythms and jagged melodic intervals.

Cruel irony. Yet almost each new work was a new test. In 1948 he was attacked by the Central Committee of the Communist Party for "vestiges of bourgeois ideology." He apologized, and two years later won a Stalin Prize. In 1962 he once again aroused the state's displeasure for basing part of his *Thirteenth Symphony* on Yevgeny Yevtushenko's poem *Babi Yar*, which denounced the Nazi massacre of Jews outside Kiev.

That official disapproval must have been particularly cruel irony, since Shostakovich had been a rallying point and something of a hero for Russians in World War II. In 1942 his *Seventh Symphony* was played at a concert in Moscow. Through the thunder of kettledrums in the symphony's last movement, the wail of air-raid sirens was heard, but no one left the hall. With the final burst of dazzling sound the audience sprang to its feet and gave a long ovation to the pale, gaunt composer.

By nature, Shostakovich was a retiring man. He was born in St. Petersburg, the son of a chemist. In a rare interview, he said that the most powerful memory of his childhood was hanging around outside a neighbor's door when the man was practicing music. To make money while studying at the Leningrad Conservatory, he tried playing the piano for silent films. Unfortunately he was too busy watching the screen to pay attention to the score. He was sacked.

When he put his mind to it, he was a brilliant pianist, but he usually composed his many operas, ballets, concertos, chamber music and 15 symphonies right on the page without reference to the keyboard. He claimed that he could write in a doghouse, as—officially, at least—he often did. Beyond his work, his enthusiasms were soccer and chess.

The question will always remain how much his political buoyancy affected his music. As his contemporary Vladimir Nabokov pointed out, it is a wretched thing for an artist to leave his homeland and his native sounds, whether musical or verbal. Perhaps because Shostakovich had to bend his inspiration to the will of the state, the quality of his work varies widely. There are, however, his passages of genuine beauty, crisp wit and sheer energy of genius. For those, it is impossible to name a successor.

*In 1962 the opera was reinstated as *Katerina Ismailova*.

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THE UPSTAIRS CROWD IN BEACON HILL



THE DOWNSTAIRS CREW ASSEMBLED IN THE KITCHEN

TELEVISION

Upstairs, Downstairs, U.S. Style

The new television season is still two weeks off but CBS is jumping the gun with **BEACON HILL** (Tuesday, 10 p.m. E.D.T.). The network does not merely admit that the series is based on *Upstairs, Downstairs*; it is positively insistent on the point. That is a sensible policy, since it is doubtful if the uninstructed viewer could perceive any connection between the engaging PBS bundle from Britain and its vulgar American cousin.

Beacon Hill is about an Irish family newly arrived at affluence and influence in Boston during the 1920s. Old Benjamin Lassiter (Stephen Elliott) was obviously suggested by Old Joe Kennedy: bootleg whisky and ward politics are his main concerns. The children, however, are not at all like the Kennedys. The only son, Robert, mopes around drinking mostly because he left an arm in Flanders fields. He does provide what passes for the central dramatic point of the first episode by leaving a formal dinner party to visit a cathouse. As for his sisters, they are an equally sorry lot: Fawn is a free spirit who seems to be modeling herself on Isadora Duncan; she is having it off with her singing coach. Rosamund is having a bit of a jounce with the chauffeur, and there is a granddaughter who quickly takes up with his replacement. In short, the Lassiters are a bunch of sex maniacs.

Obvious Situations. The Bellamys were by no means chaste, but they did have something else on their minds. In fact, most of the time, the viewer's interest was less in their romantic affairs than in the manner and circumstances in which they took place, which in turn shed a great deal of light on the conventions of Edwardian England. Much of the fun in *Upstairs, Downstairs* has been in seeing precisely how guests and hosts conducted a country-

house weekend, for example, or how a solicitor maneuvered to blunt the family's democratic impulses and thus keep the class system intact for a few weeks more. That sort of dry, deft social management is nowhere present in *Beacon Hill*.

The downstairs crew at the Lassiters' seem very nearly a faceless lot. Mr. Hacker (George Rose) simply does not combine the piety and managerial skills of Mr. Hudson, and there are no equivalents of Rose or dear Mrs. Bridges. Finally, except for a few references to Prohibition, *Beacon Hill* betrays not the slightest concern with the world outside the Lassiters' door. There is little hope of the subtle interweave of historical issues and events with small domestic crises that has been the glory of *Upstairs, Downstairs*.

One might say that a successful drama of manners cannot be located in a highly mobile society. But that is probably overinterpreting the failure of *Beacon Hill*. More likely it is just a case of commercial television once again refusing to trust the intelligence of its audience.

Richard Schickel

No Time for Comedy

Will the new TV season feature the same old guns, rape, murder and arson? Yup. But with a difference. This fall the networks have agreed that between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. Eastern Time (6 to 8 Central Time) is to be "family time," when Mom, Pop, the kids and Rover can cluster round the tube assured that they are not going to be shocked or scared. The very notion summons up classic adventure stories and young people's concerts. Is TV finally beginning to grow up?

Not a bit of it. Family time is a cynical compromise reached by the FCC and the networks to deflect mounting protests, in and out of Congress, about the rising tide of TV violence. Criticism peaked last fall when NBC aired

at 8 p.m. a seamy story (*Born Innocent*) about a rebel teen-ager who was raped with a broom handle. With a glow of virtue, the networks "voluntarily" agreed to police themselves with their own censors and wrote into the National Association of Broadcasters' television code what amounts to a rule clearly intended to ban sex and violence from the air between 7 and 9. For audiences this simply means that most cops and robbers are now pushed back to 9 p.m. In their place the networks are busy emasculating the medium's most promising genre, the situation comedy, into appropriate pap.

Chuckles Curtailed. "It's like a knee in the groin of social criticism," says Norman Lear, who only 5½ years ago launched TV's new wave of frankness with *All in the Family*. Since then, sitcoms have laughed at almost everything: there was Maude's abortion, Archie's bigotry, and Rhoda and the Pill. The family laughed with them. Now it will find its chuckles curtailed. *All in the Family*, TV's No. 1 show last season in its 8 p.m. slot on Saturdays, has been moved to Monday at 9 p.m. Lear has been told that most of last year's episodes were not family fare. *Rhoda*, scheduled for family time, is feeling the censor's breath. Says *Rhoda* Executive Producer Allan Burns: "Rhoda and Joe may give the impression that although they are newlyweds, sex is a thing of the past." Another family-time show, *M*A*S*H*, has for the first time in three years had trouble with the word virgin. CBS censors took it out, saying, "A parent might be asked to explain what it means to a younger member of the family."

New shows are having an even tougher passage. *Phyllis*, starring Cloris Leachman, and *Fay*, with Lee Grant, came close to never getting on the air at all. *Phyllis* Executive Producer Ed Weinberger almost choked when CBS meddled with the pilot, in which the widowed Phyllis suspects her 17-year-

TELEVISION

old daughter of having an affair. Says Phyllis, as she ends an explanatory phone conversation with her daughter: "Nothing happened—if she is telling the truth." CBS cut the tag line.

NBC objected to a romantic situation merely implied in *Fay's* pilot. Says Grant, who plays a divorcee with three kids, "I can't have affairs, only serious relationships." But even they are risky. In another episode, Fay goes out with a man who has no sexual interest in her. The network had a fit. Says one frustrated scriptwriter: "They want to return to shows like *Leave It to Beaver*—except that that title would never get past the censors."

Steamy Climate. With a double standard worthy of Hollywood's old Hays Office, the networks have apparently raised few objections to the season's seven new crime shows. They start at 9, which is shown by Nielsen to be almost as much of a children's viewing hour as family time. There is no indication either that the censors so much as raise an eyebrow at the lubricious exchanges that enliven family-time game shows like *Hollywood Squares*.

Norman Lear suggests that "sex and violence are a smokescreen. There are interests in this country that don't care to have fun made about the problems existing in society." He has another problem too. He stood to make a bundle when *All in the Family* finally went off network TV and was sold for syndication to local stations. Now he may make a good deal less. The prime hour for syndicated shows is 7 p.m. to 8 p.m., when networks and their affiliates air news and local programs. That is the only time when independents feel they are competitive, and they are willing to pay a lot for a show. But *All in the Family* is ineligible for that time slot. So are crime series. Quinn Martin, who produces *The Streets of San Francisco* and *Cannon*, predicts: "It's going to force the networks into giving producers more money to make these shows if we can't make any money from syndication."

That threat raises the faint hope that a few years of family time might drive some crime shows off the air. What is more likely, however, is that local stations will simply abandon the optional N.A.B. code. After all, cops and robbers are the most popular end during fare. Now, in the steamy climate of lost tempers, producers of all kinds are discussing lawsuits. One approach is on constitutional grounds: family time violates the First Amendment. The second involves an antitrust action that the networks' agreement to ban violent shows from early prime time amounts to collusion. In the fuss, the original issue of violence on TV has been lost. Another loser may well be the fresh, funny irreverence of the sitcoms that for only a brief span of time has lit the wasteland.



HIGH SCHOOL TEAM PROPERLY DRESSED FOR PRESEASON PRACTICE

MEDICINE

Seven Ways to Kill a Football Player

Trying to outcoach the late Vince Lombardi, the high school football coach drove his young players unmercifully, seemingly oblivious of the temperature that a hot, late-August sun had pushed over the 90° mark. Finally, he ordered them to top off their pre-season drill with a quick run around the field. Halfway through the run, one of the players collapsed, and the doctor who examined him quickly discovered why. The youngster's body was not wet with perspiration but hot and dry. He had suffered heat stroke, and only by rapidly cooling his overheated body with cold towels did the doctor prevent him from suffering serious brain damage or even dying.

Heat stroke, which often occurs when the body produces more heat than it radiates away, can produce kidney failure, coma and death. It has killed some 50 high school and college football players during the past decade, and will strike down dozens of others in the next few weeks as coaches start pre-season drills to get their teams into shape. The irony, says Dr. James P. Knochel, a kidney-disease expert from the Veterans Administration Hospital in Dallas, is that these incidents are unnecessary. Heat stroke, he writes in the *A.M.A. Journal*, can be prevented if coaches and trainers use common sense and remember that active athletes must sweat in order to cool off and must quickly replace the fluid they lose. "Would the coaches operate their automobiles with half-full radiators?" asks Knochel. "The trouble is, the radiator in the car doesn't sweat. But people's radiators do, and they have to have their

fluid volumes maintained to prevent overheating and destruction."

Most coaches know this and take steps to protect their players against heat stroke. But some apparently reason that only those who survive the rigors of pre-season workouts are worthy of playing for them. For these coaches, Knochel facetiously suggests seven surefire ways to kill a football player. They are:

- 1) Schedule practice sessions between 2:30 and 6 each afternoon, so that players will be exercising during the hottest part of the day.
- 2) Provide no water during training sessions or make it so unpalatable that no one will drink it. This assures that players will have no way to replace the fluid they lose through perspiration.
- 3) Encourage players to swallow salt tablets before practice. This promotes dehydration and increases thirst.
- 4) Help overweight linemen lose weight rapidly by making them exercise while wearing plastic suits. This guarantees that they will perspire profusely and exposes them to the risk of dangerous dehydration of body cells.
- 5) Make players wear full uniforms, complete with helmets, during hot weather to help promote overheating.
- 6) Don't stop wind sprints at the end of each practice session until a sizable number of players vomit, have muscle cramps or collapse.
- 7) Attempt to improve players' performances with amphetamines. The drugs prevent a player from realizing when he is fatigued and assure that he will keep trying long after physical exhaustion dictates that he should quit.

Any coach who follows Knochel's prescription carefully is almost certain to cause a tragedy. But a coach who exercises common sense instead is more likely to win games. It takes about two

MEDICINE

weeks of gradually increasing exposure to condition an athlete to perform vigorously—and safely—in hot weather. Coaches who realize this will have better teams for their trouble. Those who do not may find some of their players missing at the opening kickoff.

Hope for Allergy Victims

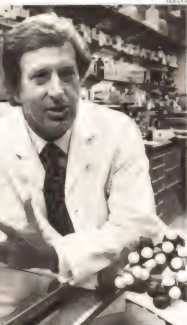
More than 35 million Americans suffer from allergies—the irritating and sometimes incapacitating ailments caused by overreaction of the body's immune system to substances like ragweed pollen, mold spores or a wide variety of foods. Doctors have for decades sought better ways to alleviate allergy symptoms, which include sneezing, shedding tears, itching and swelling. Now, after three years of work, Dr. Robert Ham-

burger, an attempt to find the precise part of its chainlike structure that—like a key fitting into a lock—binds the whole molecule to the mast cell. Experimenting with one segment of the chain, Hamburger finally found and analyzed the structure of the binding part. He then synthesized it, producing a penta-peptide, or chain of five amino acids, that is capable of fitting the binding site on the mast cells. Injected into an allergy victim, the penta-peptide occupies the binding sites on the mast cell and blocks the complete IgE molecule from attaching itself and causing an allergic reaction. Hamburger, who himself suffers from hay fever, then tested the effectiveness of his blocking agent by experimenting on himself, his wife and two daughters and a colleague, Dr. W. Virgil Brown, whom he describes as "exquisitely allergic to guinea pigs." Injecting some of Brown's blood serum under his own skin, Hamburger found that he developed a classic allergic reaction, complete with large red welts, when he exposed himself to guinea pig extract. But after he injected himself with the peptide, his allergic reactions were reduced by 80% to 90%.

The success of Hamburger's preliminary experiments does not mean that a drug to prevent allergic reactions will soon be available. Extensive testing remains to be done. Hamburger estimates it will take at least six years.

The Regenerative Finger

When a child's fingertip is sliced off or smashed in a car door, most doctors sew up the wound or attempt to reconstruct the digit. But the best treatment for such injuries may be none at all. Writing in the *Journal of Pediatric Surgery*, Dr. Cynthia Illingworth of the Children's Hospital in Sheffield, England, reports that until the child is age eleven or so, a fingertip that is not damaged below the first joint will often regenerate spontaneously if left alone. Thus instead of suturing up smashed or amputated fingertips, Dr. Illingworth and her colleagues merely clean the damaged digit, hold it in position with a sterile splint strip, cover it with a non-stick dressing and a mitten bandage, and then let nature take its course. Illingworth notes, for example, that a three-year-old girl whose fingertip was treated surgically following amputation in an accident was left with a permanently deformed finger. But a five-year-old who received the Sheffield non-treatment after a similar injury grew a new fingertip—complete with nail—in just three months. Here it is:



ALLERGIST HAMBURGER IN LABORATORY
Not yet available at the drugstore.

burger, 52, of the University of California at San Diego, has synthesized a small molecule that interferes with the immune mechanism and helps prevent the discomforts of the allergic.

Hamburger based his work on earlier discoveries of how the immune system causes allergic reactions. Researchers had determined that Immunoglobulin E (IgE), a blood fraction involved in fighting off invasions by foreign substances, is often present in abnormally large amounts in allergy victims. The Y-shaped molecules join with allergens such as pollens and then lock onto special sites on the surfaces of the connective tissue structures known as mast cells, causing them to release histamines, which in turn trigger allergy symptoms.

For years, experimenters have been analyzing the complex IgE molecule in

MILESTONES

Married. Henry Luce III, 50, director of corporate planning for Time Inc. and president of the Henry Luce Foundation, and Mrs. Nancy Bryan Cassidy, 45, daughter of a Montana rancher; he for the third time, she for the second; in the chapel of Princeton Theological Seminary, of which Luce is a trustee.

Died. Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, 55, charismatic Bengali leader and President of Bangladesh; assassinated during a military coup; in Dacca (see THE WORLD).

Died. Pinhas Sapir, 66, Israel's political giant; of a heart attack; during a visit to Nevatim, a Negev agricultural village. Nicknamed "Bulldozer" for his drive and blunt pugnacity, burly, Polish-born Sapir immigrated to Palestine in 1929, was jailed by the British in 1933 for his militant labor organizing, and became David Ben-Gurion's roving weapons buyer during the 1948 war of independence. As Commerce and later Finance Minister for most of the past 20 years, Sapir was Israel's Midas, tapping his broad foreign contacts for the billions of dollars needed for arms and industrialization. A behind-the-scenes political broker in Israel's ruling Labor Party, he was instrumental in the rise of Levi Eshkol, Golda Meir and Israel's current Premier, Yitzhak Rabin. A self-proclaimed dove, Sapir favored giving up captured Arab territory in return for an early Middle East peace agreement. After leaving the government last year, he devoted his energies to running the Jewish Agency, which encourages Jews round the world to immigrate to Israel.

Died. Dmitri Shostakovich, 69, pre-eminent Soviet composer; of heart disease; in Moscow (see MUSIC).

Died. General Anthony C. McAuliffe, 77, hero of the Battle of the Bulge; of leukemia; in Washington. Left in temporary command of the 101st Airborne Division during a rest period, feisty "Old Croc" McAuliffe was ordered to hold the Belgian road hub of Bastogne when the Nazis launched a desperate counter-offensive in the icy winter of 1944. McAuliffe's 10,000 men were surrounded by Panzers, outnumbered 4 to 1, and running short of food, medicine and ammunition when a German officer arrived with the surrender ultimatum that brought the U.S. general's famous, quickly scrawled reply: "To the German Commander—Nuts!" The "Screaming Eagles" hung on for five bloody days until the siege was broken by armor under General George S. Patton, who pinned the Distinguished Service Cross on McAuliffe.

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100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Together Again

Swiftly and sensuously, the couples glide in and out of each other's arms, their feet stomping to the blare of music with a strong rhythmic beat. The girls and boys are attractively dressed. And they are holding hands. Has the cha-cha come back? Or is it a funky tango from a '40s movie? Though it looks a bit like both, the step that has restored body contact to dancing is called the Hustle, and at big-city discotheques from Manhattan's Leviticus to San Francisco's Penthouse, it is causing the biggest swivel on the dance floor since Chubby Checker roared in with the twist in 1960.

What is most striking about the Hustle is that it is graceful—and it is danced, not improvised. After years of the frug, the boogaloo, the monkey and similar "hang-loose" mating rituals consisting of uncoordinated grinds, bounces and St. Vitus-like contortions that had men and women dancing at each other, the Hustle brings back basic steps—elaborations on a tap, 1-2-3, 4-5-6 arrangement—and stylized arm movements in which the dancers are partners again. At the B.B.C. (for Bombay Bicycle Club) on Chicago's Near North disco row, songwriter-composer Robbin Grand explains: "Before, it wouldn't have mat-

tered if the girl I was dancing with was at a disco a block away. There was no contact. With the Hustle you can be contemporary but close." Adds Harry Felder, 28, one of Leviticus' owners: "If you know the steps, it's a cool, gorgeous, comfortable thing. People are tired of being away from the person they want to be with." Ron Bookman, owner of Los Angeles' New York Experience, agrees: "People want to touch again, and it's a real turn-on for them. I mean, some of our younger dancers have never touched, dancing, you know?"

Disco Sound. Proficiency in the Hustle takes intricate footwork, energy and concentration. There are new variations of the dance every week, as couples add their own spins, dips and breaks, but basically there are two versions: a slow step, somewhat like a samba, only sexier, and an Afro-Latino style known as the Moving Hustle in Los Angeles and the Latin Hustle in New York. The steps are not easy to pick up, and dance studios report booming business. "It's an epidemic," says Cathleen Crawford, manager of Manhattan's Dale Dance Studio, where bookings have tripled in the past three months and the under-30s have appeared for the first time. In the past, Crawford adds, "people just called and said they wanted to learn to dance. Now they know what they want. Everybody wants to learn the Hustle." The dance has also inspired a quasi-fashion of its own: the Hot Look which runs to high heels, filmy skirts and skimpy halters.

Though New York City's blacks and Puerto Ricans have been doing the Hustle for years, its current vogue among people of all colors and ages has coincided with the explo-



After 6, omitting start position, begin sequence with a tap, then quickly in place 1, 2, 3, then slowly backward 4, 5, 6. Begin sequence again.



THE LATIN HUSTLE



sion of "disco" sound—rhythm and blues with a strong Latin beat. "It's like a status thing," says petite New Yorker Chachi Downs, 25. "If you don't know how to do it, you're out of it." The Hustle's biggest boost nationwide came from Van Mc Coy's *The Hustle*, which has made the national

charts for an extraordinary 18 weeks. Other popular Hustle records include Loggins & Messina's *Pathway to Glory*, Consumer Rapport's *Ease On Down the Road* (from the Broadway musical *The Wiz*), Herbie Mann's *Hijack* and Ester Phillips' *What a Difference a Day Makes*. None, however, quite matches Mc Coy's hit "Do it," exhorts the record "Do the Hustle." And they do, they do



RONALD LEBEDEV



NEW \$163 MILLION LOUISIANA SUPERDOME IN DOWNTOWN NEW ORLEANS

The Biggest Dome

"Let each new temple, nobler than the last," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, "shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast!" Poet Holmes was referring to mansions of the soul, but he might well have been prophesying today's pharaonic era of sports-stadium construction, in which city after city vies to encapsulate its populace in ever nobler temples and vaster domes.

This week, a decade after Houston opened its Astrodome and pronounced it the Eighth Wonder of the World, New Orleans will stage the "grand opening" of its 97,365-capacity Louisiana Superdome, which could absorb the 66,000-seat Astrodome with room to spare. Last week Pontiac, Mich., opened its 80,400-seat, \$55.7 million Metropolitan Stadium, 25 miles northwest of Detroit, with an exhibition football game between the Detroit Lions and the Kansas City Chiefs. Seattle hopes to complete the dome on the 60,000-seat, \$60 million King County Stadium next year "in time for the baseball season"—even though Seattle does not as yet have a dome-town baseball team. The most controversial of all is the 27-story-high Superdome, which resembles a giant flying saucer set down on 52 acres of downtown New Orleans. Since 1966, when construction was approved by the Louisiana legislature, the cost of the dome has ballooned from \$35 million to \$163 million—about 15 times the price of Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase.

The Superdome—the largest room ever built for human use—was plagued by engineering boobos (the foundations had to be rebuilt), planning oversights (costly changes had to be made because spectators in 2,500 of the seats in the original layout would have been unable to see the four main scoreboards) and

two dozen lawsuits aimed at stopping construction altogether. The windowless building, sheathed in gold, anodized aluminum, boasts 75,000 sq. yds. of carpeting and contains 9,000 tons of computerized air conditioning and heating equipment; its energy costs are estimated at \$1,752,000 a year. Its AstroTurf surface is known fondly as Mardi Grass.

Biggest Pimple. The Superdome has been dubbed by its detractors "the world's biggest pimple" and "the domedest thing y'ever saw." Cynics set store by the fact that the fast-food company that will operate 40 hot-dog stands in the Superdome calls its *pièce de résistance*, a sausage-and-French-bread sandwich, "Pig in a Poke"—a sobriquet that many seem to think fits the Superdome itself. Others, like Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards, prefer to think of it as "the greatest structure of its kind ever envisioned by mankind." One of its thorniest boosters has been New Orleans Mayor Moon Landrieu, a canny politician who calls the edifice "an exercise in optimism," and doubtless would like to see it called the Moondome.

Voters and promoters from coast to coast agree overwhelmingly that domes are desirable. They not only attract big-time professional sports, thus pleasing fans and warming civic egos, but also enrich city life by bringing in circuses, national conventions, concert spectaculars and other extravaganzas that in an open stadium would be vulnerable to inclement weather. Thus, says the Superdome's executive director, Bernard Levy, the benefits of a complete dome far outweigh the costs, controversies and headaches involved in building it. In other words according to a sign posted in his office "When you're up to your ass in alligators, it's hard to remember that the original object was to drain the swamp

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of research and hard work to get every detail just right. To perfect the arch. To make the toes wide, comfortable and functional. To balance the shoe. To mold the sole in a special way so that it would allow you to walk in a natural rolling motion. Gently and easily even on the hard jarring cement of our cities.

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Russian Gothic.



IOWA CORN DAMAGED BY DROUGHT (HEALTHY EAR ON RIGHT)

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

PRICES

Grain, Energy, Cars Up

Though the Ford Administration long ago stopped calling inflation "Public Enemy No. 1," price increases and the prospect of more are dominating the news to a surprising extent in the early days of economic recovery. Last week brought a mixed bag of actions. The Soviets let the U.S. Government know that they want to buy additional U.S. grain in quantities that—if the sales were permitted—would be very inflationary. President Ford decided finally to permit removal of controls on oil prices, gambling that increases will be relatively modest, and General Motors announced boosts in car prices smaller than in the past two years, but still substantial. Details

Rationing the Soviets

Rumors have been widespread in Washington and the nation's grain-trading centers that the Soviets, having already bought 9.8 million tons of American grain, would shortly be back for more. Last week TIME learned that the talk is only too true. In secret communications to the Ford Administration the Soviets have indicated that they want to buy as much as 11 million additional tons. That would push total purchases this year about a third above the 15 million tons of grain* the Soviets bought during the "Great Grain Robbery" of 1972, when they secretly gobbled up enough of the U.S. crop to help trigger an inflationary rise in food costs. Indeed, a purchase of some 21 million tons would amount to approximately 10% of this year's estimated grain crop.

The Russians, however, almost surely will not get their way completely. To the displeasure of U.S. farmers eager to

make more big sales, the Soviets in effect will be rationed to a portion of their wants—how large a portion, the Ford Administration must soon make up its mind. Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz last week renewed a request to all U.S. grain exporters to refrain from negotiating any more sales to Moscow until further notice. (The Administration has no statutory authority to order such a suspension, but grain-export companies obey Washington's wishes.) The notice is not likely to come until after the bulk of the U.S. harvest is reaped and counted in September. Butz emphasized that "we do want to sell more to the Soviet Union" and said that if current U.S. crop forecasts prove correct, "it will easily be within our capacity to do so." Still, the U.S. could hardly spare the entire amount that the Soviets want without serious inflation.

Butz's wait-and-see attitude was based largely on three considerations:

1) Lower U.S. crop forecasts. According to early estimates, the harvest of '75 was to be the bin-buster of all time, considerably exceeding even the

record 1973 crop. Owing to a corn-damaging drought in Iowa and some flooding in Minnesota, Department of Agriculture experts last week revised their predictions slightly downward. The wheat harvest is now expected to be 2% less, at 2.14 billion bu.; and corn will come in 3% lower at 5.85 billion bu.

2) Bad Soviet harvest. With its customary secrecy, the Soviet Union refuses to supply accurate information about future grain needs. Last month, however, a U.S. Department of Agriculture team was allowed to examine virtually all major Soviet agricultural areas. The findings: because of sparse snowfalls that ruined much of the winter wheat and a drought that decimated the summer plantings, the Soviet grain harvest will fall roughly 25 to 30 million tons below the 215 million-ton goal. The CIA, using different sources, reportedly puts the shortfall at a stunning 50 million tons—far more grain than the Soviet Union can hope to buy on the world market.

3) Rising grain prices. In response to the lower U.S. crop forecasts and early Soviet buys, grain and meat prices on the nation's futures markets are continuing to climb. Quotations for wheat and corn last week rose 5%; hog futures a prime indicator of the anticipated price of corn, hit a record \$1.05 per lb. Agriculture Department experts think American farmers are holding some crops in storage waiting for still higher quotes, and these experts hope that release of the food will push prices down later this year. Meanwhile, though, retail food prices in June rose at an annual rate of 25.3%.

In deciding how much grain to make available to the U.S.S.R., the Admin-

*The Soviets in 1972 also bought 4 million tons of soybeans, which are not a grain, they are not buying soybeans this time around.

istration must also consider protecting the role of dependable supplier to established and more reliable export buyers. Agriculture sales are the nation's second largest export after machinery. Last week Japan's Agriculture Minister Shintaro Abe signed a three-year pact to buy 14 million tons of U.S. grain and soybeans annually. "We are not like the Russians, who come into the market every three years," declared the Japanese minister. "We buy regularly, and we feel this should be given due consideration by the U.S." India, the Common Market and other regular customers are also lining up to increase export orders.

The U.S. cannot expect to hold domestic food prices within bounds and remain a dependable grain supplier to much of the world if it opens its granaries to periodic and disruptive incursions by Soviet traders. Secretary Butz hopes the Soviets will begin to behave like ordinary customers who will announce their grain requirements in advance. But if Moscow remains reluctant to play by the rules, the U.S. will be forced, just as Butz has now done, to make special ones. There is increasing sentiment in Congress that those rules should include the establishment of a licensing agency along the lines of the Canadian Wheat Board, which would review Soviet and other foreign applications before allowing the traders to approach American grain salesmen.

billion already collected or due to be paid in import fees, and 2) Ford wants his authority to impose oil tariffs clarified. If the U.S. Supreme Court decides to take on the case and upholds the ruling, the Treasury will have to refund the \$1.2 billion to oil importers.

To further soften the blow of decontrol, the Administration last week announced it will propose a "windfall profits tax" on oil companies. Details were not spelled out, but they are likely to follow a plan approved last month by the Senate Finance Committee. That plan, which involves an excise tax on crude oil, would take away as much as 90% of the money that oil companies will get from increases in the price of decontrolled crude and return much of the cash to adult citizens through income tax credits or refunds between \$24 and \$85 a person each year until 1981.

Guessing Games. The big question is how fast and how far oil prices will in fact rise and how much the increase may impede the recovery by draining away consumer purchasing power. Administration economists are increasingly sanguine. Their latest estimate is that because of decontrol the price of gasoline will rise only 3¢ a gallon, and the nation's total oil bill will go up only \$5.3 billion over the next twelve months. Main reason for their optimism: a belief that stiff competition among oil companies

resulting from a world glut of crude will keep the price increases moderate.

In sharp contrast, some political liberals, drawing on a congressional staff study, estimate that decontrol would contribute to a rise of as much as \$40 billion in consumer living costs during the next year, or \$400 to \$800 for the average family of four. Those figures are probably too steep: they reflect guesses on how much oil increases might pull up prices of natural gas and coal and a belief that the \$2 tariff would be retained, which has already been proved wrong. They also suggest a fear that higher oil prices will drive up prices of petrochemicals and many other products. The possibility of such a "ripple effect" is real indeed, though the congressional study may have overestimated it.

The coming end of controls represents a political victory of sorts for Ford. Congress rejected two presidential plans for a more gradual lifting of the price lid, partly because some Democrats convinced themselves that Ford would not dare to end the controls altogether. In doing so, the President is making a calculated economic and political bet. If it wins, the U.S. will take a long step toward energy self-sufficiency at a relatively low cost. If it fails and big increases fan rapid inflation, the recovery that gained momentum in July could well falter—just as the 1976 elections draw near.

Ending Oil Controls

Vacationing on the green slopes of Vail, Colo., President Ford ended last week what suspense remained in the seven-month-long battle between the White House and Congress over oil price controls. He will veto, said the President, the six-month extension of the controls that Congress has passed and will officially send to him by month's end. If his veto is upheld, as previous ones have been, controls will end on Aug. 31, and the 60¢ of U.S.-produced oil that has been held to \$5.25 per bbl. will be free to rise. The Administration hopes the climb will discourage oil use and spur domestic production.

To "cushion the economic impact" of sudden decontrol, Ford announced he will remove a \$2-per-bbl. tariff on imported crude and a 60¢-per-bbl. fee on foreign refined products. That will cut the selling price of foreign oil to American consumers from its present \$14.50 per bbl. and in effect lower the market ceiling toward which domestic oil prices could rise. If Congress overrides his veto of the controls extension, Ford has threatened to reinstate the tariff.

Last week the U.S. court of appeals in Washington ruled that Ford had exceeded his authority by imposing the tariff and fee in the first place. White House lawyers will challenge the ruling, even though the President intends to drop the levies anyway, because 1) the Government would like to hold on to some \$1.2

Smaller, but Big

Hoping to avoid a repeat of the stinging sales slump that followed last year's 8% average increase in auto prices, General Motors announced last week that price rises on 1976 models will be considerably lower than in the past two years. The average increase will be \$206, or 4.4%, compared with \$400 or so on cars in each of the 1974 and 1975 model years. Changes range from a reduction of \$211 in the price of the Monza Towne Coupe to an increase of \$808 for the racy Corvette; the price of the popular Chevy Impala four-door sedan will increase by \$158 to \$4,706. Other Detroit carmakers are likely to follow GM's price lead.

But consumers expecting to pay only 4.4% more for their new cars are in for a surprise. Optional features, such as air conditioning and power steering, will average 6% higher than last year, and GM models will generally carry less standard equipment. Many once standard items like tachometers, steel-belted radials and power brakes have been made optional—particularly on compacts and subcompacts—and the buyer will have to pay extra if he wants them. In effect, higher options prices will add another \$62 to the final price of an average car, for an overall increase of 4.7%. GM Chairman Thomas Murphy contends that the increases will not off-

set the company's rising production costs, which have gone up an average \$375 per car since last fall. Even so, motorists will pay in excess of \$1,000 more for an average '76 car than they paid for an average '73 model.





BILLBOARD NEAR BOSTON SHOWING SOME OF THE WORKERS REPRESENTED BY THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF TEAMSTERS

LABOR

Attracting Money and the Mafia

No union has been so often investigated and exposed as the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs Warehousemen and Helpers of America. As far back as the 1950s, it was dissected by the Senate McClellan committee—which later branded it a “hoodlum empire”—and thrown out of the AFL-CIO as a pariah unfit to live in the house of labor. Since then, it has been the target of endless grand-jury investigations and many exposes of Teamster-Mafia deals, and some of its officers have been jailed. James R. Hoffa ran the union from a cell in Lewisburg federal penitentiary between 1967 and 1971. Now Hoffa’s disappearance and presumed murder have focused new attention on the giant union, leading to one clear—if dismaying—conclusion: the decades of exposes and cleanup attempts have accomplished next to nothing. The Teamsters go rolling along, more powerful and perhaps more corrupt at the top than ever.

Long Reach. Mass unemployment is causing many Teamster locals to lose dues-paying members, but overall the union is still growing. It is the nation’s largest (2.2 million members), richest and most aggressive labor organization, with a stop-or-go hold over deliveries of everything from automobiles to bread. Over-the-road, long-distance truck drivers are still the well-paid Teamster elite (average salary: \$20,000), but the union has also largely fulfilled its boast to organize “everything aboveground on wheels.” It represents drivers of almost every imaginable vehicle from ice cream trucks to hearses.

Moreover, the union is almost daily extending its reach into scores of manufacturing and service industries that have little if anything to do with trucking. Expulsion from the AFL-CIO freed the union of the federation’s jurisdictional boundaries; its organizers go after almost everyone who earns a paycheck, sometimes extending their efforts to shops that have only three or four workers. Last year the Teamsters participated in a third of the 9,000 representation elections supervised by the National La-

bor Relations Board, far more than any other union, and won about half—a solid record.

Teamsters today are almost literally everywhere. They include brewers in Memphis, drawbridge operators in New York City, pipeline workers in Alaska, telephone answering-service employees in Chicago. In Chicago, Teamster locals take up two full columns in the Yellow Pages of the telephone directory; they represent armored-car drivers, newspaper deliverers, gas-station employees, airline stewardesses and meat packers. The city’s Local 727 goes by the somewhat unbelievable official name of “The Auto Livery, Chauffeurs, Embalmers Funeral Directors, Apprentice Ambulance Drivers and Helpers, Taxi Cab Drivers, Miscellaneous Garage Employees, Car Washers, Greasers, Polishers and Wash Rack Attendants Local.” In Michigan recently, state police sergeants and lieutenants voted for Teamster affiliation—and got it. In California, the Teamster net covers scientists, nurses, firemen, even district attorneys.

Why such organizing success for so scandal-scarred a union? One reason, certainly, is the Teamsters’ reputation for representing their members well. Some critics charge that the union some-

times neglects to press grievances for members; and about a dozen retired Teamsters have filed lawsuits contending that the union brass in some areas legally denied them pensions. But on the whole, the Teamsters do deliver the contract goods—and not only for truckers. Policemen in Vernon, Calif., had been getting 5% annual raises before the joined Teamster Local 911; this year, local won them a 16.5% boost.

Goon Squads. In addition, Teamsters in their organizing campaigns can call on muscle. Sometimes it is physical. The union has never lost a case of violence. During the struggle between the Teamsters and Cesar Chavez’s United Farm Workers of America in California, Teamster goon squads wielding baseball bats and chains hounded into U.F.W.A. workers, and in 1973 a U.F.W.A. picket was killed in shots from a passing car.

More often these days, though, muscle is economic pressure exercised quietly by lawyers and skilled negotiators, and backed by the Teamster awesome power to shut down almost any company by cutting off truck deliveries. When faced by a recalcitrant manufacturer in the Los Angeles area, and increasingly elsewhere in the nation, the union subjects him to TEAM (for Teamster Economic Action Mobilization) essence: a quiet warning to retailers that if they continue selling the manufacturer’s product, Teamster pickets will

UNITED FARM WORKERS CONFRONTING TEAMSTERS EARLIER THIS YEAR IN CALIFORNIA



**Why smoke
if you don't
enjoy it?**

Enjoyment is why I smoke. And that's why I smoke Salem.

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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

appear in front of the stores, carrying signs urging shoppers not to buy it. The method, with exceptions, is legal and exceedingly effective. In most cases, the retailers tell the manufacturer they will no longer carry his product, and the manufacturer facing the freeze usually capitulates.

Organizing success and a mass membership bring political power. Some 93% of the candidates endorsed by the Teamsters won in last fall's California state elections. Teamster President Frank E. Fitzsimmons, who succeeded Hoffa when Hoffa gave up union office several months before being released from prison, was close to President Nixon. Indeed, Nixon showed preference for the Teamsters, who supported him for re-election in 1972. Hoffa charged that the condition of his parole barring him from resuming union activity until 1980 was the result of a deal between the White House and the Fitzsimmons leadership; no one in the Nixon White House ever denied it. To hear one Teamster official tell it, even Bobby Kennedy, the relentless prosecutor of Hoffa, made quiet appeals for Teamster support in his 1968 race for the presidency on the eve of his assassination.

Success also brings money—and money attracts the Mafia. Employers pump barrels of money into some 240 Teamster pension funds around the country. The funds' assets now total perhaps \$4 billion; the Western Conference of Teamsters alone has a pension fund of \$1.4 billion, fed by employers of 475,000 Teamsters in 13 Western states who contribute between \$6 and \$26 per member per week.

Most of the funds are professionally administered and honestly run, yielding many truckers up to \$550 a month after 20 years' service. Where the trouble—and the Mafia—comes in is with the huge (estimated assets: \$1.5 billion to \$2 billion) Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas Pension Fund, based in Chicago. The target of many federal probes over the years, the Central States fund is characterized by a federal investigation as nothing less than a lending agency for the Mob.

Friendship Loans. Numbingly complex, with its funds shifting continually between banks and from one business to another, Central States makes legitimate loans to legitimate borrowers, but it also makes other loans mainly on the basis of friendship. All too frequently, says a U.S. Attorney in Chicago, the loans are not paid back, and no real effort is made to collect, especially if the borrower is a pal of a top Teamster official.

Officially, the fund is administered by eight Teamster officers and eight employer representatives. Four of the Teamsters' trustees have known connections with the Mafia: Frank Fitzsimmons, William Presser, Frank Ranney

and Roy Williams. In practice, say federal investigators, just who gets money is determined by the union trustees; they are influenced heavily by Allen Dorfman, once a special consultant to the fund until he was convicted of accepting a \$55,000 kickback from a borrower and went to prison for eight months. He was forced to sever his Teamster connections, but he still calls many shots.

Central States has \$783.5 million outstanding in real estate loans and mortgages alone. The money has gone into the building of bowling alleys, apartments, factories and lavish resorts, such as La Costa, near San Diego, into which the fund has put an estimated \$50 million. According to the San Diego *Union*, a \$270,000 house was built there for Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons says he is "only thinking about buying it."

Missing Money. A lot of the fund's money, too, has gone into Las Vegas hotels and gambling casinos, such as the Dunes and Caesars Palace. Some of it has simply vanished. The Government has brought fraud and conspiracy charges against borrowers and trustees alike. Last year prosecutors secured an indictment against Irwin Weiner, a Chicago bail bondsman with Mob connections, for allegedly defrauding the fund of \$1.4 million in a scheme to buy a plastics plant in New Mexico. As the case was about to go to trial, the Government's star witness was shot down to death before his wife and children. The prosecution pressed ahead anyway, but Weiner was acquitted.

Teamster ties with the Mafia go way back. Nicholas P. Morrissey, secretary-treasurer of Teamsters Joint Council 10 in Boston, observes, "Most people who come out of prison go into this kind of work [trucking, warehousing and longshoring]." Hoffa had friends in the Mob and indeed used them in his climb from the boss of Detroit's Local 299 to his election as the union's president in 1957. But Hoffa always retained a degree of independence of the gangsters.

In contrast, Fitzsimmons, who was Hoffa's hand-picked successor but then became a rival, is said to show no such resistance. Indeed, he has left the 15 regional vice presidents pretty much alone, making them again the semiautonomous barons that they were before Hoffa began centralizing most of the power around himself. To veteran Teamster observers, that means an open season for the underworld and increasing Mafia penetration.

Federal investigators suspect that

A GALLERY OF TEAMSTER MEMBERS (FROM TOP): FUNERAL DIRECTOR IN ILLINOIS; MEATCUTTERS IN CALIFORNIA; DRIVERS AT CHICAGO-AREA TRUCK STOP; PIPELINE EMPLOYEE IN ALASKA



IBM Reports

Managing our energy resources

Today, there is a strong sense of concern in this country about the way we use and manage our resources. Nowhere is this concern more acute, or more needed, than in the area of energy.

While it is clear that long-range solutions to the problem will require additional energy sources, it is equally clear that never again—even when new sources have been tapped—will we be able to afford to consume energy in the lavish and wasteful ways of the past. In the short term, learning to control our use of energy is a matter of urgent priority.

Fortunately, some progress has already been made. It has come about largely through common sense actions in managing energy usage, such as reducing lighting and heating levels.

Computers can also contribute significantly to efficient energy management.

Computers are helping utilities reduce power interruptions and increase fuel efficiency. They are helping airlines cut jet fuel consumption. They are helping truck fleets reduce total mileage while increasing actual deliveries.

At the same time, computers are being used to cut energy consumption in commercial, industrial and public buildings.

For example, an Atlanta department store chain reduced its average monthly use of electricity from 7.5 million to 6 million kilowatt hours due to computer control, saving nearly \$25,000 per month in the process. And computer control at a major IBM facility in Florida is reducing electricity consumption by 15%.

While helping to conserve energy, the computer is also playing a role in producing energy and converting it to man's use.

The growing usefulness of computers in these and other areas is closely tied to the remarkable reductions that have been made in the cost of doing things by computer.

Today, a specific set of computations can be performed on an IBM computer for less than one hundredth the cost of the early 1950's. This means major savings in overall computing costs.

And as technology continues to advance, the cost-per-computation continues to decline. This will make the computer even more useful in managing our energy resources to help meet the needs of the future.

IBM



NIXON & FITZSIMMONS IN WHITE HOUSE
Power, cash and the Mob too.

Hoffa may have been murdered to keep him from interfering with kickbacks flowing to underworld brokers of loans from the Central States' pension fund. On the day of his disappearance, Hoffa was scheduled to have lunch with two Mafiosi, Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano, unofficial boss of New Jersey's Teamsters, and Detroit's Anthony ("Tony Jack") Giacalone. Investigators believe that on the agenda was a \$3 million loan from the fund that the Mafia was trying to arrange for a "recreation center" in Detroit. On some previous loans from the fund, Mob figures had got a 10% kickback from the borrowers; on the recreation-center loan, they reportedly were demanding an additional 10% from the union officials.

There seems little chance that the unsavory publicity about Mafia connections likely to be brought to light by Hoffa's disappearance will deflect the union from its course very much. The lurid headlines are an embarrassment, certainly. The Teamsters lately have sought respectability through a magazine and billboard advertising campaign that proclaims: TEAMSTERS—A PART OF THE AMERICAN LIFE.

Shady Outlook. On the whole, though, the road ahead stretches straight and smooth for the union. Says Investigative Editor Jim Drinkhall, who has written many reports of Teamster shady dealings for *Overdrive*, an independent monthly trade publication: "Essentially, their idea is 'Who cares what they do as long as I get mine?'" Many employers do not care either; they regard the Teamsters as a good union to deal with because it keeps the members in line and has held wildcat strikes to a minimum.

Within the union, Fitzsimmons has opponents who consider him a bungler. But so strong is the Teamsters' tradition of sticking with the man in power that the critics' major hope for unseating him at the union's 1976 elections is that Hoffa will somehow turn up alive, well and able to run in opposition. Fail-



HILLTOP HOME, REPUTED TO BE FITZSIMMONS', UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN LA COSTA

ing that, Fitzsimmons could still face substantial opposition from dissatisfied Teamsters who do not like his leadership style. No strong opponent has surfaced so far. Last week, at a Boston convention of Teamsters representing warehousemen, Fitzsimmons moved through crowds of overfed men in white shoes who sported FITZ IN '76 buttons. Whatever the result of the election, or the Hoffa case, the outlook for the Teamsters seems to be more members, fatter contracts, richer pension funds—and more corruption.

ENERGY

Leaning on the Consumer

We are accepting this proposal for one reason only: necessity. We see no alternative means for assuring an adequate supply of natural gas for California.

With those words, the California Public Utilities Commission this month approved a novel scheme for financing natural-gas production. Essentially, the plan forces the consumer to bear a large part of the cost of developing new gas supplies—without complete assurance that he or she will ever get any of the gas.

As the commission noted, the deal was negotiated out of desperation by Southern California Gas Co. (SoCal Gas), which is urgently searching for new sources to supplement its dwindling supplies. Beginning probably in October and continuing through 1982, SoCal Gas will levy a 50¢ monthly surcharge on the average household; the bite could rise to \$2.50. Industrial users, of course, will pay much more—depending on the amount of gas they consume. The utility will periodically turn over the proceeds, which ultimately will amount to \$313 million, to Atlantic Richfield Co. (Arco), the nation's ninth largest petroleum company. Arco will use the money to pay interest and other costs of borrowing funds to develop its big gas deposits on the North Slope of Alaska. In return for the advance of the money, SoCal Gas gets the exclusive right to negotiate for 60% of Arco's North Slope gas when it starts flowing in about 1980. SoCal Gas is assured of the supply only so long as it agrees to meet the very

top price being asked for Alaskan gas.

There is a precedent of sorts for this arrangement. Since 1971, the Federal Power Commission has allowed interstate pipeline companies to borrow money, raise rates to consumers to pay interest and other fund-raising costs, then relend the cash to gas producers at no interest as an inducement to develop new supplies. But under that system, the pipeline company at least gets to deduct the interest expense when computing its tax bill.

By contrast, SoCal Gas will pay tax at the full 48% corporate rate on the money it receives by levying the surcharge. Thus, in order to get \$313 million to pay to Arco, SoCal Gas will have to collect some \$600 million from customers. In the unlikely event that the deal falls through, Arco would refund the SoCal Gas advances plus 7% interest. Then SoCal Gas would return the Arco refund to the consumers. The IRS would rebate the income taxes paid on the money raised for the Arco advance, so the consumers would get back the full \$600 million—but of course they would not get the gas.

Hard Realities. The deal has aroused a storm of protest. Especially outraged are older persons on fixed incomes who may not live long enough either to use the new gas or get their money back. They have banded together with other consumer groups in a new organization called CAUSE (for Campaign Against Utility Service Exploitation). CAUSE is backing a bill in the California legislature that would set special low rates for both individual and industrial customers who use minimal amounts of gas. An effort is also under way in the legislature to enact an involved scheme under which taxes would be eliminated on the surcharge levied by SoCal Gas on consumers, so that SoCal Gas would not have to collect almost \$2 for every \$1 to be advanced to Arco. Nonetheless, the SoCal Gas-Arco deal reflects some hard realities: 1) the nation currently faces a severe shortage of natural gas—supplies this winter, in fact, are expected to fall 15% to 30% below demand; 2) developing new supplies is expensive; 3) federal controls, by keeping the price of gas artificially low, are pushing producers and users into odd methods of raising the money—at the consumer's expense.



FROST & NIXON AT SAN CLEMENTE AFTER SIGNING THEIR CONTRACT



"How would you like to be introduced...?"

Frost's Big Deal

When CBS News paid H.R. Haldeman a six-figure sum for a television interview, newsmen and others shuddered about such "checkbook journalism." Asked New York Times Columnist James Reston, "Won't other big shots or notorious characters demand their price?" Now the most notorious big shot of all has done just that. Last week David Frost, 36, the British talk-show host and entertainer, announced that he had bought the right to video-tape a series of exclusive television interviews with Richard Nixon, who has granted no audiences to the press since he left Washington a year ago. The price: reportedly somewhere between \$650,000 and \$750,000. Though Nixon's literary agent, Irving ("Swift") Lazar, announced that

"Mr. Nixon chose David Frost because of Mr. Frost's unique and wide-ranging experience," it was obvious that the interview rights had simply gone to the highest bidder.

Frost offered \$500,000 several months ago, approaching Nixon through his former communications chief Herb Klein, now an executive at Metromedia in Los Angeles. When Lazar insisted on more, Frost raised his offer. The deal was assured when NBC, the one network in the running, failed to match Frost's bid. Then Frost, Nixon and their lawyers huddled at San Clemente for 5½ hours and emerged with a signed, 13-page contract stipulating that Nixon be available for 20 hour-long taping sessions that will be edited into four TV shows, each probably 90 minutes long, with a fifth show optional. The interviews will begin next April, but they will not be aired before 1977 so as not to influence the 1976 elections. Frost stressed that Watergate would be the subject of at least one broadcast, and that Nixon would not know the questions in advance and would have no say in the editing of the tapes.

Doubtful Interest. Who was putting up the cash? For the time being, Frost would say only that he represented an "international consortium of broadcasting organizations." Spokesmen for all three U.S. networks expressed doubt that they would be interested in Frost's finished product; yet there were no Sherman-like statements that absolutely ruled out the possibility. One reason the networks are unlikely to buy is that they have responsibility for the programs they air. To keep control, they almost never run news shows not produced by their own staffers.

The Frost-Nixon deal carries Wa-

tergate checkbook journalism to its greatest extreme to date. After the tempest triggered by its deal with Convicted Felon Haldeman, CBS swore off buying news and thus declined to bid for Nixon. Frost argues that since Nixon is out of office, the interviews are not news but a memoir and therefore immune to the checkbook charge. "There is no reason," Frost told TIME Correspondent Lawrence Malkin in London last week, "why Nixon shouldn't make money from this memoir as other former Presidents have done."

No Experience. The networks may well wonder whether Frost, who is not really a newsmen, is truly up to his task. Frost does not, of course, lack experience with public figures: he has held forth with the likes of Indira Gandhi and the Shah of Iran. The problem, however, lies in his interview style. Rather than chip away at his subject with a series of jolting questions, Frost prefers to rock along with him gently and let his character emerge. "My aim in any interview," says Frost, "is to make someone come over as he really is."

It seems likely that Nixon will come across as he really has been, spinning out the elaborate, self-serving defenses he erected throughout the Watergate period. Indeed, could any interviewer induce the ex-President to make a clean breast of things? Can David Frost succeed where John Sirica, Archibald Cox and Leon Jaworski failed?

The cool Briton seems to think so. "The Richard Nixon of today is a different man from the Richard Nixon of even a few weeks ago," says Frost. "As time passes and he has more and more recovered his health, he has begun to analyze the past, and is ready to be really reflective or retrospective." Frost is confident that if his tapes are meaty enough, all the networks' reservations will go by the boards. "In my experience, the networks are in the business of disseminating information rather than suppressing it," he says. But if, as expected, CBS, NBC and ABC all shun Frost, he could still sell his programs to independent and local broadcasters or public television. He could assemble a makeshift network and perhaps turn a fatter profit than he might by dealing with the big three. In the end, Frost may find foreign broadcasters most receptive.

The issue remains whether the Frost shows deserve to be aired anywhere. Even if Nixon is moved to more candor than before, many Americans will still find distasteful the spectacle of an ex-President demanding and receiving a fee to tell the truth that he should have told them long ago as a matter of duty. If there is money to be made in acquiring the Nixon-Frost programs, broadcasters may well conclude that this is not the time to make it.

Bring It Back Alive

In the three days that the cosmic-ray detector hung 130,000 ft. over Sioux City, Iowa, it marked the passage of 75 heavy atomic particles hurtling in from outer space. One of the particles was distinctly different from the others. Its telltale track through a sandwich of three dozen sheets of plastic, nuclear emulsion and photographic film looked unfamiliar to cosmic-ray researchers. Last week, nearly two years after their equipment was brought back to earth, scientists from the universities of California and Houston finally offered an explanation. The unexpected particle, they said, was almost surely a magnetic monopole, the long-sought basic unit of magnetism.

If the new discovery is confirmed by further experiments, the American Institute of Physics and the University of California are both convinced that "it could rank as one of the major scientific events of the century." It would fill in some gaps in current scientific theory, modify present ideas about the basic building blocks of matter, and might eventually have significant practical applications in research, medicine and the generation of energy.

Magnetic Puzzle. At the very least, proof of the existence of the monopole would solve a mystery that has baffled scientists for more than a century. The elegant equations that Scottish Physicist James Clerk Maxwell worked out in 1865 described in detail the symmetrical relationship between electricity and magnetism. They accounted, for example, for the magnetic field formed by every electric current, and they predicted the electric currents that can be generated by moving magnetic fields. But they could not solve one puzzle. Complete symmetry between electricity and magnetism meant that there must be a monopole—a basic magnetic particle of one pole, either north or south. It would, in effect, be the equivalent of the positive proton or negative electron that exists independently in nature. But all magnetized objects, from subatomic particles to giant electromagnets, seemed to have inseparable north and south poles. Broken into the tiniest segments, each piece remained a "dipole." No isolated north or south monopole could be found.

British Physicist Paul A. M. Dirac attacked this dilemma in 1931 with the newly developed tool of quantum mechanics. His calculations showed that there should indeed be a magnetic particle (or family of particles) that carries a basic magnetic charge—either north or south. That charge, said Dirac, would be 68.5 times as strong as the charge on an electron. Or it would be some multiple of 68.5—say, 137. Scientists had

good reason to respect Dirac's reasoning. He had earlier predicted the existence of a positron, or positively charged counterpart of the electron. The positron was subsequently discovered during cosmic-ray experiments in 1932, but the monopole proved more elusive. Physicists searched for it without success in everything from ocean-floor minerals to meteorites and moon rocks.

The balloon-borne experiment that finally seems to have found one was directed by Physicists P. Buford Price, 42, and Edward Shirk, 29, of the University of California at Berkeley, and Weymar Zack Osborne, 42, and Lawrence Pinsky, 29, of the University of Houston. But credit for first spotting the monopole's track belongs to two technical assistants: Julie Teague, 31, at Houston and Walter Wagner, 25, at U.C.

Photographic film and a special emulsion layer from the research balloon were processed and the plastic sheets were exposed to a caustic solution that etched away material wherever it had been damaged by the passage of a heavy cosmic particle. The film emulsion and plastic sheets were examined microscopically. One of the tracks where a particle had penetrated was different from all the others. Its characteristics, said the researchers, "strongly favor identification of the particle as a magnetic monopole with a charge of 137 and a mass greater than 200 times that of a proton, traveling at a velocity half that of the speed of light."

Serious Doubts. A key finding, says Price, was the velocity: the typical cosmic-ray particle travels at close to the speed of light. At half the speed of light, any known particle would have been stopped by the plastic sheets. But the newcomer had surprising heft; it had "slugged right through all 33 sheets of plastic," a clear indication that it was at least 200 times as massive as a proton.

The successful tracking of a monopole raises serious doubts about another great scientific search: the hunt for the theoretical "quark" (TIME, May 19 1967). The existence of this strange particle was first proposed by Caltech Physicist Murray Gell-Mann. According to his equations, the quark is the basic building block of nature, the unit out of which all members of the catalogue of subatomic particles are constructed. Gell-Mann's figures assigned the quark a smaller electrical charge than the electron's. But if the latest measurements

prove correct, they will support Dirac's calculations. And that means no particle like a quark with less than an electron's charge can exist independently in nature. Discovery of the monopole also means that some of the laws of quantum electrodynamics (on which electronics and laser technology are based) will have to be revised to account for the new particle.

Price and his associates speculate that the discovery could some day lead to "new medical therapies in the fight against cancer, new sources of energy,



BALLOON WITH COSMIC-RAY TRAP
A single unprecedented particle.

extremely small and efficient motors and generators and new particle accelerators of much higher energy than any yet built." At a Berkeley press conference last week, there was even far-out talk of equipping a great ship with a few monopoles and having the earth's magnetic field tug it across the ocean. But any such achievements require the locating and controlling of at least one monopole, which could be used, says Price, to create others by "banging it against matter" in a particle accelerator. Before that happens, scientists will need more than a "photographic trace." "The goal," says Price, "is to capture a monopole and bring it back alive."

The Maestro's Late Works

A current listing of the world's leading architects would certainly include such globally known powers as Japan's Kenzo Tange, Italy's Pier Luigi Nervi, England's James Stirling, and I.M. Pei and Philip Johnson, among some others, in the U.S. Another entry, however, would have to be Alvar Aalto of Finland, who, at 77, may well still be the most original designer building anywhere. Aalto? He is scarcely a household name in the U.S., because he has done little work in America.* But "the maestro," as he is often called in his native land, remains a seer with a special transnational influence—one that is

Wright called "a genius" 40 years ago stands alone.

Aalto once described to some students his approach to a tuberculosis sanatorium he had designed in 1929 at Paimio, in southern Finland's pine forests. Aalto considered how each occupant, from the director on down, not only would use the building but also might feel about it. The janitor, he decided, should have his own closet, not just an impersonal clothes hook. When it came to the hospital rooms, Aalto put himself in the place of the patients. The result: designs for windows that would admit fresh air but not drafts, wash basins that would not splash, and chairs of resilient wood so that convalescents would not touch cold steel frames.

"The most difficult problems do not occur in the search for form," Aalto says, "but rather in the attempt to create forms that are based on real human values." The bold, simple form of the Paimio sanatorium thrust Aalto into the vanguard of European functionalism in the 1930s. But that straightforwardness gradually changed as he won other commissions for everything from furniture to factories to whole towns, mostly in Finland. Over the years, his buildings have grown ever more intricate and idiosyncratic, taking odd, seemingly arbitrary shapes. But their genesis—profound thoughtfulness leavened by the free play of emotion—has never changed.

Humble Brick. Nor has his sensuous joy in handling his sites and materials. Aalto's complex of buildings for the technical university at Otaniemi, with its mighty play of geometric masses, is also a hymn to the humble brick. In Seinäjoki, he daringly faced the town hall with curved blue tiles that soften the structure's abrupt angles and change hue from blue to gray to black, depending on the light. In his recently opened North Jutland Museum of the Arts in Aalborg, Denmark, Aalto confronted the most difficult challenge in museum design: natural lighting. Most architects avoid the issue by putting up blank walls of solid masonry or tinted glass. But Aalto allows sunlight to pour through high windows, then tames it by bouncing it off curved structural beams so that the light diffuses evenly over the interior walls. The Aalborg design reflects one of Aalto's guiding convictions: man must always stay in contact with nature.

This idea is carried even farther in Aalto's latest building, Finlandia House Helsinki's concert and convention center, where the European security conference was held (TIME, Aug. 4). Standing alone in a bayside park, it looks like a beached iceberg—an immense, rugged structure clad in snowy white marble

On one side, the building rides gently over some rocky ledges (which in the U.S. would probably have been dynamited away), on another, it retreats in scalloped curves from nearby trees.

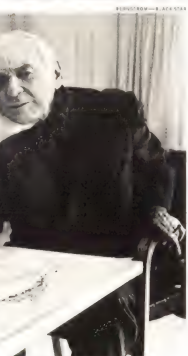
The subtle homage to nature's irregularity continues on the inside too: there is hardly a right angle to be found in the entire building. Indeed, the interior layout seems so complicated as to be almost recklessly baroque. Yet Aalto holds off excess by designing every light fixture, door handle and stair tread to fit the whole—and suit the user.

Surprise and Grace. Aalto's downtown architecture is as comfortable with city life as his freestanding works are with nature. There are half a dozen recent Aalto buildings in central Helsinki that seem as austere and reserved as the surrounding streetscape—until one notices the little surprises and grace notes. On one shaded façade of an Aalto-designed bookstore, for example, the architect framed every window with white marble to give the cheery illusion of more light than actually exists. His U-shaped headquarters for the Enso Götzell paper company steps down to a startling courtyard between its wings. But Aalto deliberately turned the building's bland flat sides to its 18th century neoclassic neighbors, matching their cornice lines and echoing their façade patterns. Only through such respect for place, Aalto seems to say, can cities keep their harmony, continuity and zest.

The old master's health is frail now. Yet he remains active, employing 16 architects to work on new projects in Finland, Brasilia, Tel Aviv and Eau Claire, Wis., where Aalto is planning a center for the Midwest Institute of Scandinavian Culture. Always reclusive, he gets hundreds of letters daily but answers none of them himself. In a recent interview, however, he received his visitors graciously in his sun-filled Helsinki studio. Surrounded by wispy, mysterious sketches—the first stirrings of new designs—he was far more interested in asking questions than answering them. Questioned about a house he had created for the Finnish composer Joonas Kokkonen, Aalto merely shrugged. "It's very small, very simple."

Kokkonen sees it differently. He still treasures Aalto's tablecloth sketch of a piano. "Which way do you walk around it?" the architect asked. Then he designed the composer's studio around the piano, creating an asymmetrical space that culminates in a high window looking out on nearby treetops and the Finnish sky—inspiration without distraction. The layout of the rest of the house followed from there. As a fee, the architect laughingly asked for two bars of music. But Kokkonen sat down in his new studio, wrote a cello concerto and dedicated it to Alvar Aalto.

Philip Herrera

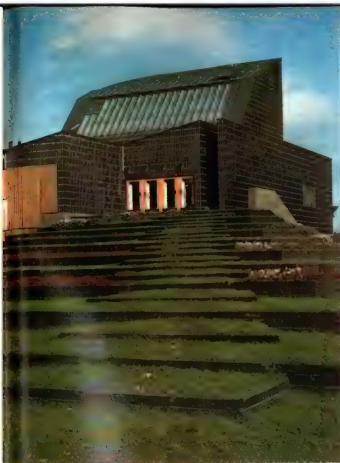


ALVAR AALTO IN HIS HELSINKI STUDIO
A quest for "real human values."

characteristically not so much doctrinaire as moral.

Aalto is utterly unconcerned with architectural movements or polemics. He deflects theoretical discussions with the imperious reply: "I build." For him, every structure poses its own questions of balance between man, machines and nature. Every answer is therefore fresh, poetic, charged with the identity of its architect. Mies van der Rohe had this quality, so did Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright. Now Aalto, whom

*A dormitory for M.I.T., a library for the Mount Angel Abbey in St. Benedict, Ore., and a conference room for the Institute of International Education in Manhattan.



New forms from the old master: left, blue-tiled town hall at Seinäjoki in western Finland; below, Helsinki's immense white marble Finlandia House; bottom, auditorium and laboratories at Institute of Technology in Helsinki suburb of Otanemi



Scribbler on the Roof

HUMBOLDT'S GIFT
by SAUL BELLOW
487 pages, Viking, \$10.

At a time when many writers are turning to impressionistic journalism and innovative fantasy, 60-year-old Saul Bellow still confronts America's baffling ocean of desires and sorrows with old-fashioned characters and a Tolstoyan appetite for presenting big ideas as if they were messages from a philosophical sponsor. In short, Bellow is self-consciously a Serious Writer, especially during those frequent moments when he is being genuinely humorous.

As in Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March*, *Henderson* the Rain King and *Herzog*, there is also a vigorous mix of farce and moral fervor in *Humboldt's Gift*. Charles Citrine, the book's late middle-aged hero, is—like Bellow—a dedicated resident and booster of Chicago. The son of Jewish immigrants, he has made a name for himself as a Pulitzer-prizewinning biographer, essayist and playwright. LIT has commissioned him to write an intimate article on Bobby Kennedy. The French government has honored him with an Order of the Chevalier, which entitles him to wear a green ribbon in his lapel. As it turns out, the decoration is about as prestigious as the alligator on a tennis shirt.

Such disenchantments extend to nearly all of Charlie's earthly endeavors. His paddleball game is slowing down; he owes his publishers \$70,000 on advances for books he has yet to write; his wife Denise is suing him for divorce and stripping him of everything but his costly cotton undershorts; his old friend Thaxter, an eccentric literary con man with expensive tastes, has squandered thousands of Citrine's dollars given to start an intellectual quarterly. In addition, Citrine's silver-gray Mercedes has been vandalized by a petty hood, a Mafia *buffo* character named Ronald Cantabile, to whom Citrine unwittingly gave a bad check in payment for a minor gambling debt.

Mental Occasions. These troubles, and the boisterous episodes they cause, provide the background for what Citrine calls his "mental occasions." They include elaborate discourses on American materialism and the demise of the poetic imagination, the aridity of modern

art (Picasso's huge Chicago sculpture is "only the idea of a work of art"), notions about modern boredom as a profound spiritual problem, and ruminations on death and immortality, with special emphasis on Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophy, the study of the divine spirit through scientific inquiry.

Caught between some of Chicago's most colorful denizens and some of philosophy's most challenging questions, Citrine often seems as if he were becoming a hybrid of two other famous home-town boys: Robert Hutchins and Nelson Algren. His real confusion, however, grows out of a bad conscience about the death of an old friend.

Von Humboldt Fleisher was a ma-



CHICAGO NOVELIST SAUL BELLOW
Meditation and the power of positive sinning.

nor American poet of the 1930s who died during the '60s unknown, unmourned and unmournered from his sanity. Citrine was Humboldt's friend and protégé, but they have had a falling out, largely because of Humboldt's jealousy about Citrine's success. Just days before the poet's death, Charlie spotted him on a New York street. He was a shuffling derelict; yet Citrine made no effort to help or effect a reconciliation. Haunted by memories of Humboldt's accomplishments and outrages, Citrine sees the dead poet as an embodiment of all the puzzling genius, vision and demonic energy of an America once full of large opportunities. He was what Charlie would call a great "positive sinner," as distinguished from "negative sinners" like himself, who smugly think their way into self-satisfied inaction.

The novel bustles with positive sin-

ners. There is Citrine's girl friend Renata, a voluptuous, sexually robust and aggressively practical woman who strongly resembles Ramona of *Herzog*. Such women seem to be Bellow's idea of a consolation prize for agonizing intellectuals. There is also Charlie's brother Julius, a Texas real estate millionaire, who on the eve of open-heart surgery is still wheeling and dealing and rejecting the idea of burial as out of date and somehow un-American. "I'm having myself cremated," he cries exuberantly. "I need action. I'd rather go into the atmosphere. Look for me in the weather reports."

Crash Course. To Charlie, the ritual of traditional burial becomes the clear symbolic act that gives his messy life meaning. Through a series of improbable, only-in-America events, Humboldt's gift—a strange film script about survival and cannibalism in the Arctic—is willed to Citrine and made into a successful movie. With his share of the profits, Charlie has Humboldt's body exhumed from a potter's field and reburied with dignity.

Bellow's own great gifts as a storyteller and his talent for vital characterization save what could have been a morose and tedious novel. Shorn of the author's unique knack for combining intellectual abstractions with gritty American idiom, Citrine's "mental occasions" read like a crash course in attaining peace of mind. Fortunately, this is not out of place in a nation addicted to self-help and how-to books. In fact, *Humboldt's Gift* might have been subtitled *The Power of Positive Sinning*, or even *The Joy of Mourning*. **R. Z. Sheppard**

Making Tracks

THE GREAT RAILWAY BAZAAR
by PAUL THEROUX
342 pages, Houghton Mifflin, \$10.

Why not take as many trains as possible from London to Tokyo—including a few spur lines of the moment—and then back again? This notion would no doubt horrify the hapless U.S. rail commuter and send him reeling back to the bar car. Yet in late 1973 Novelist Paul Theroux, 35, spent four months chugging over just such an odyssey. Surprisingly, he not only survived but entertainingly tells the tale.

First he explains the mania that provoked him. Like such disparate figures as Molly Bloom and Richard Nixon, Theroux says he has always been lured by the siren song of a train whistle: "I have seldom heard a train go by and not wished I was on it." Thus his trip represented a once-in-a-lifetime act of massive self-indulgence, plus the chance to experience firsthand "the trains and the bewitching names: the *Orient Ex-*



BRITAIN'S GOLDEN ARROW OUTSIDE DOVER
Homage to the pre-jet era.

press, the *North Star*, the *Trans-Siberian*. As an added bonus, the trips threw him together with several novels' worth of beef characters.

There is the kindly Burmese bond for Maymo who offers Theroux fried sparrows for lunch. On the way to Kyoto, he meets a Japanese professor whose specialty is teaching a two-year course on Henry James' *The Golden Bowl*. Depressed by the breadlines in Sri Lanka (Ceylon) he is reassured by a chauvinist from Calcutta: "You call those bread queues? In Calcutta, we have bread queues twice as long as that." During the long, icy trip across Siberia, Theroux is befriended by a Russian who wants to hear all about North American hockey teams, including the "Bostabroons, Doront Mupplekhleef, Mondroolkanadeens and Cheegago Blekaks."

Whooshing from airport to similar airport, jet travelers usually find the world a pretty homogeneous place. Theroux destroys this illusion. His often snail-like pace (one local in southern India makes 94 stops) gives him the not always pleasant chance to sniff out local differences. "The first condition of understanding a foreign country," T.S. Eliot once wrote, "is to smell it," and Theroux misses nothing, from the burned coal that permeates Indian train stations to the poisonous industrial fumes of Osaka.

Like the different countries they transverse, the trains range abruptly from luxurious to primitive. Passengers, food and the scenery change each day in slow, unwinding diversity. "Looking out a train window in Asia," Theroux writes, "is like watching an unedited travelogue without the obnoxious sound track." Yet his own sound track is anything but that. Perhaps not since Mark

Twain's *Following the Equator* (1897) have a wanderer's leisurely impressions been hammered into such wry, incisive mots. Venice sits on its industrialized gulf "like a drawing room in a gas station"; small villages in Malaysia roll by: "Bidor, Trolak, Tapah and Klang—names like science fiction planets."

By word and the seat of his pants, Theroux has paid nostalgic homage to the pre-jet era, when men optimistically hoped to bind up the world with bands of steel. He also offers a reminder of how close they came to succeeding. If people rarely have the time, inclination or endurance to travel this way any more, Theroux suggests, the loss is theirs. To see the world slowly is to see oneself clearly. "After all," he concludes, "the grand tour is just the inspired man's way of heading home."

Paul Gray

Bard from Byzantium

C.P. CAVAFY, COLLECTED POEMS

Translated by EDMUND KEELEY

and PHILIP SHERRARD

261 pages. Princeton University Press. Paperbound. \$3.45.

CAVAFY

by ROBERT LIDDELL

222 pages. Duckworth. \$16.

C.P. Cavafy loved young men and old cities. He was a Greek homosexual poet from Alexandria with a passport for Olympus. His years were 1863-1933, but he has shown a prodigious gift for outgrowing his death.

Largely unknown, he has enjoyed the esteem of his peers. Lawrence Durrell praised him as a major force; Auden ascribed Cavafy's power to surmount translation to "a tone of voice," the revelation of "a person with a unique perspective on the world." That perspective is keenly evoked in a new translation by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard. And as a bonus, the first English biography of Cavafy has just been published. In it Robert Liddell scrupulously assembles and sifts the frugal details of the poet's life.

In order to acquire an ear for a tone of voice, the best thing is to hear it. Here is a poem called *Tomb of Iaxsis*, written in 1899:

*I, Iaxsis, lie here—famous for my good looks
in this great city.
The wise admired me, so did common,
superficial people.
I took equal pleasure in both.*

*But from being considered so often a
Narcissus and Hermes,
excess wore me out, killed me.
Traveler,
if you're an Alexandrian, you won't
blame me.
You know the pace of our life—its
fever, its absolute devotion to
pleasure.*

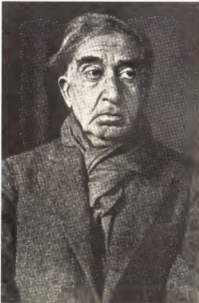
BOOKS

Cavafy is a laureate of loss: loss of youth, loss of love, loss of existence. Some poets seem to be peering at the dawn of the world; Cavafy stares at its doom, a weary Olympian contemplating the "toys of fate." With age, the poet might have become a complete Cassandra of declivity. But he never relinquished his belief in the power of the artist to transform the sordid into the contemplative serenity of beauty.

Synoptic Vision. Cavafy possessed that power. With a pagan selection of detail—the gaze of an eye, the tilt of a head—he evokes the ardor of youthful flesh as timelessly as does a frieze on a Grecian urn. Indeed, Cavafy introduces the shapers of the ancient world—the Ptolemies, Julius Caesar, Marc Antony—as if they were embarking on their adventures this very day. Simultaneously, he moves contemporary people backward into the total stillness of history so that they seem to have been formed in the ruins of Pompeii. Except for Yeats, no modern poet has surpassed Cavafy in this synoptic vision that knits the destinies of men.

No one quite knows how Cavafy was drawn to poetry. Certainly there was no artistic strain evident in his family. He was born and christened Constantine Photiadis Cavafy (originally Kavafis), the last of seven brothers. His mother, Haricleia, was so bent on having a girl that she referred to him as "Helen" in the womb and dressed him in frocks during his early years.

Haricleia had the manners of a *grande dame* and the temperament of a neurasthenic. In later years she expected Constantine to spend the hours of 7:30 to 10 p.m. as her dinner companion and to act as her gentleman-escort at social functions. Constantine seems



C.P. CAVAFY
Laureate of loss.

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not to have bridled. His father, Peter John, headed an import-export firm dealing in textiles from Manchester and Liverpool, cotton and wheat from Egypt. Peter John was a prodigal spender, and at his death the family finances were in precarious shape. Constantine's elder brothers bankrupted the firm.

After that, the Cavafys were to remain shabbily genteel, though they retained the lofty airs and graces of a family that had once known wealth. At age 29, Cavafy was appointed a special clerk in the irrigation service of Alexandria's Ministry of Public Works. Despite small, unperiodic raises, he remained a middle-level functionary for most of his days.

His nights were reserved for sordid encounters. Cavafy secretly kept a room in a brothel on Alexandria's Rue Mosquée Attarine and took willing boys there. But he expressed no more than the most fleeting qualms about his homosexuality. He seems to have been much more disturbed by his autoerotic propensities. As Biographer Liddell explains, "In Egypt the name for this practice '39' is popularly explained by the myth that [masturbation] is 39 times more exhausting than any other sexual act."

In 1932 Cavafy underwent a tracheotomy for throat cancer. After prolonged agony, he died on April 29, 1933, his 70th birthday. His last conscious act was to draw a circle on a blank sheet of paper and then place a period in the middle of it. The cycle of his life had ended; the cycle of his art had scarcely begun.

T.E. Kalem

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